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*Advertisement to the Seventh Edition.*

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☞ *As the very great advance on Publications, since the year 1785, must preclude a Public Charity from that profit which this book then afforded it ; so, in order to prevent such an advance from affecting the poorer part of the Congregation by raising the original price, recourse has been had to abridgment, and also to the Stereotype method of printing. No disagreement, however, will occur in the public use of this edition with any of the former, if the Clerk, in giving out the Psalm, employs this edition only, and which, being now stereotyped, must remain unalterable.*

*Sept. 1807.*

# PREFACE

TO THE SEVENTH EDITION.

IT is generally allowed, that no part of divine worship is so delightful in its *Nature*, or approaches so nearly to the heavenly state, as the united praises of a devout congregation; but it has been almost as generally deplored, that no part of our public service is so often degraded in the *Performance*. Absence of religious affection leaves many to *sit* totally unconcerned in this most interesting act of worship.—In the country, an absurd custom frequently consigns it to a few individuals whose rude attempts oftener offend than edify;—and, not unfrequently, the uncouth phrases of an obsolete version, still more uncouthly sung, raise disgust in some who yet are not altogether unmindful of a duty so repeatedly enjoined in Scripture.—From these, and similar causes, the grand and animating effect produced by a whole congregation *standing up*, and with all their powers joining the heavenly host in ascribing “Salvation to God and to the Lamb,” is lost; or, at most, there remains but a lifeless and chilling resemblance.

It has been remarked by an acute observer, that “the state of a congregation may be discerned by its singing:” it is certain that the ancient churches were remarkable for the energy of their’s.—To improve the Psalmody of a congregation, which hitherto had used the version of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins* was the object of the present Selection.

Seven large editions, including this now *stereotyped* shew its acceptance;—but though much care had been employed to extract the most devotional portions of the best later versions of the Psalms, yet it has been suggested (and by judgments which the editor cannot but consider as superior to his own) that an important defect would remain, if a few Hymns, appropriate to the principal festivals of the Church, were wanting; an appendix, therefore, of these, is annexed.

By abridging the Psalms, and introducing different versions of those more generally interesting, the work is rendered more select and devotional; considerable scope also is afforded, not only for varying the *melody*, but also for that variety of *illustration* by which many of these inspired songs are exhibited in their comprehensive, as well as literal, sense. Writers, who have successfully imitated the POET, may here unite with others, who, “shewing us a yet more excellent way” by the light and authority of the New Testament, have unveiled the PROPHET; displayed his evangelical views, entered into his spirit and experience, and adapted both to the service of the Christian Church.

Should a divine blessing accompany this humble attempt to assist the private meditations of the devout Christian, or to improve that noblest part of his public worship, PRAISE, its design will be fully accomplished.

Sept. 1807



# THE PSALMS,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS VERSIONS.

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## PSALM I. *Version 1.*

- H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet  
Shun the broad way that sinners go ;  
Who hates the place where atheists meet,  
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t'employ his morning-light  
Among the statutes of the Lord ;  
And spends the wakeful hours of night,  
With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
Shall flourish in immortal green :  
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams  
On every work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crost ;—  
As chaff before the tempest flies,  
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand  
In judgment with the pious race ;  
The dreadful Judge with stern command  
Assigns him to a diff'rent place.
- 6 " Strait is the way my saints have trod :  
" I blest the path, and drew it plain !  
" But you would choose the crooked road ;  
" And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM I. *Version 2.*

- 1 **O** HOW blest the man, whose ear  
     Impious counsel shuns to hear ;  
 Who nor loves, nor treads the way  
 Where the sons of folly stray.
- 2 But possess'd with sacred awe,  
 Meditates, great God, thy law ;  
 This by day his fix'd employ,  
 This by night his constant joy.
- 3 Like the tree, that taught to grow  
     Where the streams refreshing flow.  
 He his fruitful branch shall spread,  
 Prosp'rous, he no leaf shall shed.
- 4 See, ah ! see a diff'rent fate  
     God's obdurate foes await ;  
 See them, to his wrath consign'd,  
 Fly like chaff before the wind.
- 5 When thy Judge, O earth, shall come,  
     And to each assign his doom ;  
 Say, shall then the impious band  
     With the just assembled stand !
- 6 These th' Almighty, these alone,  
     Objects of his love shall own ;  
 While his vengeance who defy,  
     Whelm'd in endless ruin lie.

PSALM II. *Version 1.*

- 1 **W**HY did the *Gentiles* rage,  
     And *Jews* with one accord  
 Bend all their counsels to destroy  
     Th' anointed of the Lord ?

- 2 Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design ;  
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,  
Against his Christ they join.
- 3 The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support his throne ;  
He that hath rais'd him from the dead.  
Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 4 Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth ;  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 5 He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance ;  
Far as the world's remotest bounds  
His kingdom shall advance.
- 6 The nations that rebel,  
Must feel his iron rod ;  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 7 Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
And worship at his throne ;  
With trembling joy, ye people, bow  
To God's exalted Son.
- 8 If once his wrath arise,  
Ye perish on the place ;  
Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.

PSALM II. *Version 2.*

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
The Lord's anointed Son?  
Why did they cast his laws away,  
And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies,  
Derides their rage below;  
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,  
"And raise him from the dead;  
"I make my holy hill his throne,  
"And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
"The utmost *Heathen* lands;  
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
"The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
Obey th' anointed Lord,  
Adore the king of heavenly birth,  
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne;  
For if he frowns, ye die:  
Those are secure, and those alone,  
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM III. *Version 1.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!  
How fast my foes increase!  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace

- 2 But thou, my glory and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread,  
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.
- 3 I cry'd ; and from his holy hill  
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;  
I call'd my father and my God,  
And he subdu'd my fear.
- 4 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes ;  
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace  
That guarded my repose.
- 5 What though the hosts of death and hell  
All arm'd against me stood ?  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;  
My refuge is my God.
- 6 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,  
While I thy glory sing :  
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,  
And death has lost his sting.
- 7 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
His arm alone can save ;  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. *Version 2.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes  
In this weak state of flesh and blood !  
My peace they daily discompose ;  
But my defence and hope is God.

- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,  
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry;  
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,  
And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure;  
Not death could make my heart afraid,  
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 My God sustain'd me all the night:  
Salvation doth to God belong:  
He rais'd my head to see the light,  
And made his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV. *Version 1.*

- L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray:  
I am for ever thine;  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning-sacrifice;  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM IV. *Version 2.*

- 1 **O** God of grace and righteousness,  
Hear and attend when I complain ;  
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,  
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try  
To turn my glory into shame ;  
How long will scoffers love to lie,  
And dare reproach my Saviour's name ?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints  
From all the tribes of men beside ;  
He hears the cry of penitents,  
For the dear sake of Christ who dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done  
A thousand works of righteousness,  
We put our trust in God alone,  
And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,  
*“ Who will bestow some earthly good ?*  
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,  
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice  
At grace and favours so divine ;  
Nor will I change my happy choice,  
For all their corn and all their wine.

## PSALM V.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high :  
To thee will I direct my pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine eye.



- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make ev'ry path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.
- 6 The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favour as a shield.

## PSALM VI.

- 1 **I**N mercy, not in wrath, rebuke  
Thy feeble worm, O God ;  
My spirit dreads thine angry look,  
And trembles at thy rod.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
Regard my heavy groans ;  
O let thy voice of comfort speak,  
And heal my broken bones.

3 My soul quite faints: but, Lord, how long  
Shall I no answer have?

O turn, and free my soul from wrong,  
My soul in mercy save.

4 Return, and shew thy pow'r to save  
And spare my fainting breath;  
For who can praise thee in the grave?  
Or sing thy name in death?

5 All night my restless bed with tears,  
With tears my couch o'erflows;  
My sight quite dim with age appears,  
Through my prevailing foes.

6 But hence ye enemies depart,  
Nor tempt me to despair;  
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,  
The Lord hath heard my pray'r.

## PSALM VIII.

**O** LORD, our God, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted name!

The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,  
The moon that rules the night,  
And stars that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou should'st visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so!

- 4 That thy eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form,  
Made lower than his angels are,  
To save a dying worm !
- 5 Let him be crown'd with majesty,  
Who bow'd his head to death :  
And be his honours sounded high,  
By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted name !  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

## PSALM IX.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
I will my heart prepare ;  
To all the list'ning world, thy works,  
Thy wond'rous works, declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasures bring ;  
While to thy name, O thou Most High,  
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 God is a constant, sure defence  
Against oppressing rage ;  
As troubles rise, his needful aids  
In our behalf engage.
- 4 All those who have his goodness prov'd,  
Will in his truth confide ;  
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
That on his help rely'd.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
From *Sion* his abode,  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

## PSALM X.

**W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far ?  
And why conceal his face,  
When great calamities appear,  
And times of deep distress ?

Lord, shall the wicked still deride  
Thy justice and thy pow'r ?  
Shall they advance their heads in pride,  
And still thy saints devour ?

They put thy judgments from their sight,  
And then insult the poor ;  
They boast in their exalted height,  
That they shall fall no more.

Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,  
Attend our humble cry ;  
No enemy shall dare to stand  
When God ascends on high.

Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
And cause thine ear to hear ;—  
He hearkens what his children say,  
And puts the world in fear.

Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the just ;  
And mighty sinners shall confess  
They are but earth and dust.

## PSALM XI.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love ;  
 Why do my foes insult and cry  
 “ Fly like a tim’rous, trembling dove ;  
 “ To distant woods or mountains fly ? ”
- 2 If government be all destroy’d,  
 (That firm foundation of our peace)  
 And violence make justice void,  
 Where shall the righteous seek redress ?
- 3 The Lord in heav’n has fix’d his throne,  
 His eyes survey the world below :  
 To him all mortal things are known ;  
 His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflict his saints so far,  
 To prove their love, and try their grace,  
 What may the bold transgressors fear ?  
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,  
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;  
 And with a gracious eye beholds.  
 The men that his own image bear.

## PSALM XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?  
 My God, how long delay ?  
 When shall I feel those heav’nly rays  
 That chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab’ring soul  
 Wrestle and toil in vain ?  
 Thy word can all my foes control,  
 And ease my raging pain.

- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries  
All his malicious arts,  
He spreads a mist around my eyes,  
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, be thou my shield,  
My soul in safety keep ;  
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd  
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my trust  
Beneath thy mercy's wing,  
Thy saving health will come, and then  
My heart with joy shall spring.
- 6 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace  
Where all my hopes have hung ;  
I shall employ my lips in praise,  
And vict'ry shall be sung.

## PSALM XV.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair ;  
Not stranger like, to visit them,  
But to inhabit there ?
- 2 The man who walks in pious ways,  
And works with righteous hands ;  
Who trusts his Maker's promises,  
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,  
Nor slanders with his tongue ;  
Will scarce believe an ill report,  
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
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## PSALM XVI.

- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,  
Can treat with just neglect;  
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,  
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust  
Has ever firmly stood;  
And though he promise to his loss,  
He makes his promise good.
- 6 Whose hands disdain a golden bribe,  
And never gripe the poor;  
This man, when earth's foundation shakes,  
Shall stand with God secure.

## PSALM XVI.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,  
For succour to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead;  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd  
How empty and how poor I am,  
My praise can never make thee blest,  
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good I do;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
To give a relish to their wine;  
I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.



## PSALM XVI.

### PART II.

5 How fast their guilt and sorrows rise,  
Who haste to seek some idol-god !  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

6 My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon :  
He for my life has offer'd up  
Jesus, his best beloved son.

7 His love is my perpetual feast ;  
By day his counsels guide me right :  
And be his name for ever blest,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

8 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
At my right hand he stands, prepar'd  
To keep my soul from all surprise,  
And be my everlasting guard.

### PART III.

9 When God is nigh, my faith is strong,  
His arm is my Almighty prop :  
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

10 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
My soul for ever with the dead,  
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

11 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high :  
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way  
Up to thy throne above the sky.

- 12 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
 And full discov'ries of thy grace  
 (Which we but tasted here below)  
 Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM XVII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,  
 And make the wicked flee :  
 They are but thy chastising rod,  
 To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold, the sinner dies,  
 His haughty words are vain ;  
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
 And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,  
 And boast of all his store ;  
 The Lord is my inheritance,  
 My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face  
 Of my forgiving God ;  
 And stand complete in righteousness,  
 Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heav'n begun  
 When I awake from death,  
 Drest in the likeness of thy Son,  
 And draw immortal breath.

PSALM XVII. *Version 2.*

**L**ORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove  
 My faith, my patience, and my love :  
 When men of spite against me join,  
 They are the sword the hand is thine.

- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## PSALM XVIII.

- 1 **B**LEST object of my soul's desire,  
On thee my stedfast hope I build ;  
To thee my grateful thoughts aspire ;  
My God, my rest, my rock, my shield.
- 2 To thee, my tow'r, my strength, I'll pray ;  
What foes shall then my terror raise ?  
What bands combin'd my heart dismay,  
While thus I pay my debt of praise ?

- 3 Death arm'd with terrors, hell with woes,  
Around me cast their dismal shade ;  
While floods of high temptations rose,  
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 4 To Heav'n I made my mournful pray'r ;  
To God address'd my humble moan ;  
He graciously inclin'd his ear,  
And heard me from his lofty throne.

### LAST PART.

- 5 Just are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great rock of my secure abode :  
Who is a God beside the Lord ?  
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 6 'Tis he that girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;  
And, while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 7 He lives (and blessed be my rock),  
The God of my salvation lives :  
The dark designs of hell are broke ;  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives
- 8 Before the scoffers of the age  
I will exalt my Father's name ;  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 9 To *David* and his royal seed  
Thy grace for ever shall extend :  
Thy love to saints in Christ their head,  
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XIX. *Version 1.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
 Declares its maker God,  
 And all his starry works on high  
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light  
 Still keep their course the same :  
 While night to day, and day to night,  
 Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land  
 Their gen'ral voice is known ;  
 They shew the wonders of his hand,  
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 His laws are just and pure,  
 His truth without deceit,  
 His promises for ever sure,  
 And his rewards are great.
- 5 Not honey to the taste  
 Affords so much delight,  
 Nor gold, that has the furnace pass'd,  
 So much allures the sight.
- 6 While of thy works I sing,  
 Thy glory to proclaim,  
 Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
 In my Redeemer's name.

*PART II.*

- 7 Behold the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.

- 8 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light ;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 9 How perfect is thy word !  
And all thy judgments just :  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.
- 10 I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey ;  
Send thy good spirit from above  
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 11 Warn me of ev'ry sin ;  
Forgive my secret faults ;  
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 12 While with my heart and tongue  
I spread thy praise abroad ;  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God !

PSALM XIX. *Version 2.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.



## PSALM XX.

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- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand :  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry land
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
'Till thro' the world thy truth has run :  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to Heav'n.

## PSALM XX.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry !  
Jehovah hears when *Israel* prays,  
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends  
Better than shields, or brazen walls ;  
He, from his sanctuary, sends  
Succour and strength, when *Zion* calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs ;  
His love exceeds our best deserts ;  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans and broken hearts.



- 4 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boast ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 5 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
Now let our hope be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

## PSALM XXI.

- 1 **H**OW great is the Messiah's joy  
In the salvation of thy hand !  
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
And giv'n the world to his command.
- 2 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,  
Nor doth the least request withhold ;  
Blessings of love prevent him still,  
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 3 Honour and majesty divine  
Around his sacred temples shine ;  
Blest with the favour of thy face,  
And length of everlasting days.
- 4 Thine hand shall find out all his foes,  
And as a fiery oven glows  
With raging heat and living coals,  
So shall thy wrath devour their souls

## PSALM XXII.

- 1 “**W**HY has my God my soul forsook,  
“Nor will a smile afford ?”  
(Thus *David* once in anguish spoke,  
And thus our dying Lord.)

Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell,  
Among thy praising saints,  
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,  
And pity our complaints.

Shaking the head they pass me by,  
And laugh my soul to scorn ;  
“ In vain he trusts in God,” they cry,  
“ Neglected and forlorn.”

But thou art he who form'd my flesh  
By thine almighty word ;  
And since I hung upon the breast,  
My hope is in the Lord.

### *PART II.*

Once did our suff'ring Saviour pray,  
With mighty cries and tears ;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.

Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted high ;  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship, or shall die.

A num'rous offspring must arise  
From his expiring groans ;  
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes  
For daughters and for sons.

The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread :  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed.

- 9 The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our incarnate God ;  
And nations yet unborn profess  
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd :  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows ;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim ;  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread,  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM XXIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is his name ;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways ;  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death  
Thy presence is my stay ;  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows ;  
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days ;  
O may thy house be mine abode !  
And all my work be praise !
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,  
(While others go and come)  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. *Version 3.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;  
Now shall my wants be well supply'd ;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.

- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,  
But he restores my soul to peace ;  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay :  
Thy *staff* supports my feeble steps,  
Thy *rod* directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell  
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine  
To see my table spread so well  
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 How I rejoice, when on my head  
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !  
'Tis a divine anointing, shed  
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord  
Attend his household all their days ;  
There will I dwell to hear his word,  
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM XXIII. *Version 4.*

- 1 **T**O thy pastures, fair and large,  
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge ;  
And my couch with tend'rest care,  
Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams, that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Thou my soul anew shalt frame,  
And thy mercy to proclaim,  
When through devious paths I stray,  
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy *rod* and *staff* supply'd,  
This my guard, and that my guide.
- 5 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,  
Thou with oil refresh'd my head ;  
Fill'd by thee my cup o'erflows,  
For thy love no limit knows.
- 6 Constant to my latest end  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;  
And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

PSALM XXIII. *Version 5.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care,  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;

My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread ;  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray ;  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV. *Version 1.*

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,  
With *Adam's* num'rous race ;  
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men  
May visit thine abode ?—  
He that has hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.



- 3 This is the man may rise and take  
 The blessings of his grace :  
 This is the lot of those that seek  
 The God of *Jacob's* face.

## PART II.

- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs  
 To meet the Lord prepare :  
 Lift up your heads, eternal doors !  
 The King of Glory's near.
- 5 Who is the king of glory ? who  
 His wondrous name can tell ?  
 The Lord of Hosts, who dwelt below,  
 And conquer'd sin and hell.
- 6 Jesus, the God of boundless might,  
 Whom Heav'n and earth obey :  
 Lift up your heads, ye gates of light !  
 Eternal doors, give way !
- 7 Who is the king of glory ? who ?  
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd :  
 Glory to Him alone is due,  
 Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXIV. *Version 2.*

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Saviour is gone up on high ;  
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay :  
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !  
 Ye everlasting doors give way !

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :  
He claims the mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the king of glory ? who ?  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,  
The *world, sin, death, and hell* o'erthrew  
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :  
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 6 Who is the king of glory ? who ?  
The Lord of glorious power possess ;  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest.

## PSALM XXV.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name ;  
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,  
Persuade me to despair ;  
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light  
Till the dark ev'ning rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever-longing eyes.

- 4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind ;  
The meek shall learn his ways ;  
And ev'ry humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake  
He saves my soul from shame ;  
He pardons (though my guilt be great)  
Through my Redeemer's name.

*PART II.*

- 7 Where shall the man be found  
Who fears t' offend his God ?  
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod ?
- 8 The Lord shall make him know  
The secrets of his heart ;  
The wonders of his cov'nant show,  
And all his love impart.
- 9 The dealings of his hand  
Are truth and mercy still,  
With such as to his cov'nant stand,  
And love to do his will.
- 10 Their souls shall dwell at ease  
Before their Maker's face ;  
Their seed shall taste the promises  
In their extensive grace.

## PART III.

- 11 Mine eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord ;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.
- 12 Lord, turn thee to my soul ;  
Bring thy salvation near ;  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare ?
- 13 When shall the sov'reign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod ?
- 14 Behold the hosts of hell,  
How cruel is their hate !  
Against my life they rise, and join  
Their fury with deceit.
- 15 O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame !  
For I have plac'd my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.
- 16 With humble feet I wait,  
To see thy face again ;  
Of *Israel* it shall ne'er be said,  
“ He sought the Lord in vain. ”

## PSALM XXVI.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways  
And try my reins, and try my heart ;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

I hate to walk, I hate to sit,  
With men of vanity and lies ;  
The *scoffer*, and the *hypocrite*,  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

Among thy saints will I appear,  
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.

I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honours dwell ;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.

Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have pass'd,  
Among the saints, and near my God.

## PSALM XXVII.

**T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God is my strength ; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires ;  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God !

There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still ;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide ;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around ;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

*PART II.*

- 6 Soon as I heard my father say  
“ Ye children seek my grace,”  
My heart reply'd without delay,  
“ I'll seek my father's face.”
- 7 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
Nor frown my soul away ;  
God of my life, I fly to thee  
In a distressing day.
- 8 Should friends and kindred near and dear  
Leave me to want or die,  
My God would make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.
- 9 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
Had not my soul believ'd  
To see thy grace provide relief ;  
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 10 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
And keep your courage up ;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
And far exceed your hope.

## PSALM XXVIII.

**G**OD, my strength, to thee I pray ;  
 Turn not thou thine ear away ;  
 Gracious to my vows attend,  
 While the humble knee I bend.

Give me not thy wrath to know,  
 Nor to feel the vengeful blow,  
 By thy just decrees assign'd  
 To the men of impious mind.

On thy long-experienc'd aid  
 See my hope for ever stay'd ;  
 While my heart, with joy possess'd,  
 Leaps within my throbbing breast.

Grant me, Lord, thy love to share,  
 Feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 Save thy people from distress,  
 And thy patrimony bless.

## PSALM XXX.

**I**'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
 Who didst thy pow'r employ  
 To raise my drooping head, and check  
 My foe's insulting joy.

Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,  
 With songs of praise repair ;  
 With me commemorate his truth,  
 And providential care.

His wrath has but a moment's reign,  
 His favour no decay ;  
 Your night of grief is recompens'd  
 With joy's returning day.



*PART II.*

- 4 Once, bless'd with peace, I boasting said  
 I ne'er should fall, nor move ;  
 Thou, Lord, my hill so strong hast made  
 By thy surrounding love.
- 5 Thy face withdrawn, a thousand cares  
 Disturb'd my tortur'd breast :  
 Then I my God, with earnest pray'rs  
 And fervent cries, address'd.
- 6 " What honours can my blood to thee,  
 " My death what trophies raise ?  
 " Can mould'ring dust thy glories see,  
 " Thy truth or goodness praise ?
- 7 " Hear, Lord, and pity him who mourns ;  
 " To my assistance fly !"  
 Thy love my tears to dancing turns,  
 My sable weeds to joy.
- 8 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
 The honours of thy name ;  
 And, as thy mercies ceaseless spring,  
 Thy ceaseless praise proclaim.

## PSALM XXXI.

- 1 **G**OD of my strength, the wise, the just,  
 To thee my spirit I intrust :  
 From thee, when terrors clos'd me round  
 My soul its full redemption found.
- 2 Thy mercy shall my thanks employ,  
 For thou, my theme, my life, my joy,  
 Hast call'd me thine, and bid me share  
 The gifts of thy paternal care.

O, how shall all who seek thy love  
The fulness of thy bounty prove !  
And teach th' admiring world to see  
How blest the souls that trust in thee !

Thy saints, while breath their life prolongs,  
At distance from the strife of tongues,  
Shall see thy tabernacle spread  
Its awful splendours o'er their head.

Be strong, be stedfast ; so your mind  
From him its full support shall find ;  
Ye saints that in his care confide,  
Nor own, nor ask a help beside.

## PSALM XXXII.

**B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God ;  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

Blest is the man, to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities ;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.

From guile his heart and lips are free,  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.

How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

*PART II.*

- 5 While I keep silence, and conceal  
 My heavy guilt within my heart,  
 What torments doth my conscience feel !  
 What agonies of inward smart !
- 6 I spread my sins before the Lord,  
 And all my secret faults confess ;  
 Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
 Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 7 For this shall ev'ry humble soul  
 Make swift addresses to thy seat :  
 When floods of strong temptations roll,  
 There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 8 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
 When days grow dark, and storms appear !  
 And when I walk, thy watchful eye  
 Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

## PSALM XXXIII.

- L**ET all the just to God, with joy,  
 Their cheerful voices raise ;  
 For well the righteous it becomes  
 To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 How faithful is the word of God !  
 His works with truth abound ;  
 He justice loves, and all the earth  
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 3 By his almighty word at first  
 The heav'nly arch was rear'd :  
 And all the beauteous hosts of light  
 At his command appear'd.

- 4 The swelling floods, together roll'd,  
He makes in heaps to lie ;  
And lays, as in a storehouse safe,  
The wat'ry treasures by.
- 5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,  
Before him trembling stand !  
For when he spake the word, 'twas made,  
'Twas fix'd at his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs :  
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines.

*PART II.*

- 7 Blest is the nation where the Lord  
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;  
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,  
And calls their tribes his own.
- 8 His eye, with infinite survey,  
Does the whole world behold ;  
He form'd us all of equal clay,  
And knows our feeble mould.
- 9 Kings are not rescu'd by the force  
Of armies from the grave ;  
Nor speed nor courage of a horse  
Can the bold rider save.
- 10 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,  
To hope for safety thence ;  
But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defence.

- 11 God is their fear, and God their trust ;  
When plagues or famines spread,  
His watchful eye secures the just  
Among ten thousand dead.
- 12 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy throne ;  
For we have made thy word our choice,  
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *Version 1.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all that are distrest  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name ;  
When in distress to him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all  
Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love !  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM XXXIV. *Version 2.*

- 1 **T**HEE will I thank, and day by day  
 Form to thy praise the joyful lay :  
 From morn to eve the song extend,  
 My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 2 While pleas'd each heart of humble frame  
 Shall wake, great God, to hear thy fame ;  
 O come, your voice triumphant raise,  
 And sing, with me, your Maker's praise.
- 3 To him my soul disclos'd its care,  
 He heard, and present to my pray'r,  
 (His faithful buckler o'er me held)  
 Each terror from my breast dispell'd.
- 4 His angel, nigh the just man's tent  
 Encamp'd, each danger to prevent,  
 His sure protection round him throws,  
 Though harness'd hosts his peace oppose.
- 5 O taste with me, O taste, and prove  
 The blessings of his boundless love ;  
 And (fearless of repulse or shame)  
 The promise of his mercy claim.
- 6 Hail, Saviour of the human race !  
 Hail, Fountain of exhaustless grace !  
 Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,  
 Nor own, nor ask a help, but thine.



## PSALM XXXVI.

**O** LORD, thy mercy (my sure hope)  
 The highest orb of heav'n transcends;  
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
 Beyond the spreading skies extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;  
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;  
 Thy providence the world sustains;  
 The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
 With what assurance should the just  
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
 And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led  
 To banquet on thy love's repast;  
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,  
 Of joy that shall for ever last.

5 With Thee the springs of life remain,  
 Thy presence is eternal day;  
 O let thy saints thy favour gain!  
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

## PSALM XXXVII.

1 **L**ET not the sinner's wealth or might  
 The envy of thy soul excite:  
 Anon thine eye shall see him fade,  
 Quick as the flow'r or vernal blade.

2 But thou thy will to Heav'n's high Lord  
 (His Truth thy trust, thy rule his Word)  
 Submit;—and, nourish'd by his hand,  
 Inherit through his gift the land.



- 3 In him delight, on him depend ;  
Him choose thy Guide, thy Way, thy End ;  
So shall his love thy wishes grant,  
His care anticipate thy want.
- 4 He'll bid thy acts, in light serene,  
Far as the rising morn be seen ;  
'Thy justice as the noon of day,  
Diffusive, pour its cloudless ray.
- 5 With patient hope await his will,  
Nor let the sight of prosp'rous ill  
Impel thee, with disquiet vain,  
His wise disposals to arraign.

## PSALM XXXIX.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame !  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time ;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,  
Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore ;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.

- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
From creatures, earth, and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall ;  
I give my mortal int'rest up,  
And make my God my all.

PSALM XL. *Version 1.*

- 1 **I** MEEKLY waited for the Lord,  
He bow'd to hear my cry :  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay ;  
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love !  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !  
Nor words nor hours sufficient prove  
Their numbers to repeat.

- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,  
And light and peace depart ;  
My God beholds my heavy woe,  
And bears me on his heart.

*PART II.*

- 7 Thus saith the Lord, " Your work is vain,  
" Give your burnt-off'rings o'er ;  
" In dying goats and bullocks slain  
" My soul delights no more."
- 8 Then spake the Saviour, " Lo ! I'm here,  
" My God, to do thy will ;  
" Whate'er thy sacred books declare  
" Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 9 " Thy law is ever in my sight,  
" I keep it near my heart ;  
" Mine ears are open'd with delight  
" To what thy lips impart."
- 10 Thus he reveal'd his Father's grace,  
And thus his truth he shew'd,  
And preach'd the way of righteousness  
Where great assemblies stood.
- 11 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,  
He pity'd sinners' cries,  
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.
- 12 No blood of beasts on altars shed  
Could wash the conscience clean ;  
But the rich sacrifice he paid,  
Atones for all our sin.

PSALM XL. *Version 2.*

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;  
But thou hast set before our eyes  
An all-sufficient Sacrifice.
- 3 Lo ! thine eternal Son appears !  
To thy desire he bows his ears,  
Assumes a body well prepar'd,  
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 “ Behold, I come,” (the Saviour cries,  
With love and duty in his eyes)  
“ I come to bear the heavy load  
“ Of sins ; and do thy will, my God.
- 5 “ ’Tis written in thy great decree,  
“ ’Tis in thy book foretold of me ;  
“ I must fulfil the Saviour’s part ;  
“ And, lo ! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 “ I’ll magnify thy holy law,  
“ And rebels to obedience draw,  
“ When on my cross I’m lifted high,  
“ Or to my crown above the sky :
- 7 “ The Spirit shall descend, and show  
“ What thou hast done, and what I do ;  
“ The wond’ring world shall learn thy grace,  
“ Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.”

PSALM XL. *Version 3.*

- 1 **W**ITH patient hope my God I sought;  
 He to his suppliant's want his thought  
 In happiest hour apply'd :  
 He, from the dark and miry pit,  
 High on a rock has rais'd my feet,  
 Nor fear my steps to slide.
- 2 His praise inspires my grateful tongue,  
 And dictates to my lips a song  
 In strains unheard before ;  
 Admiring crowds his work shall see,  
 Their strength on him repose with me,  
 With me his name adore.
- 3 Blest who in thee, great God, confide,  
 Nor madly trust the arm of pride,  
 And helps which but betray.  
 Thy mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,  
 Nor numbers can their sum recount,  
 Nor words their worth display.

*PART II.*

- 4 No sacrifice thy love can win,  
 Nor off'rings from the stain of sin,  
 Obnoxious man shall clear,  
 Thy hand a mortal frame prepares,  
 (Thy hand whose signature it bears)  
 And opes a willing ear.
- 5 “ And since the blood of victims slain,  
 “ And hallow'd gifts, attempt in vain  
 “ T' avert th' offender's doom :  
 “ Myself th' atonement will provide ;  
 (Touch'd with our woes, the Saviour cry'd)  
 “ I come, my God, I come.

- 6 “ Thy book, by sacred bards unroll’d,  
 “ My full obedience has foretold  
 “ To thy mysterious will :  
 “ His just assent thy servant gives,  
 “ Thy words my breast with joy receives,  
 “ My hands with zeal fulfil.”
- 7 Great Helper and Redeemer, hear !  
 O, instant in our cause, appear  
 With tokens of thy grace !  
 Thy bliss let all who seek thee share,  
 And, taught thy love, that love declare,  
 In songs of ceaseless praise.

## PSALM XLI.

- B**LEST, who with gen’rous pity glows,  
 Who learns to feel another’s woes,  
 Bows to the poor man’s wants his ear,  
 And wipes the helpless orphan’s tear :  
 In ev’ry want, in ev’ry woe,  
 Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.
- 2 Thy love his life shall guard ; thy hand  
 Give to his lot the chosen land ;  
 Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,  
 To unrelenting foes a prey ;  
 In sickness thou shalt raise his head,  
 And turn with tend’rest care his bed.
- 3 O thankful bless th’ almighty Lord,  
 The God by *Jacob*’s sons ador’d :  
 His fame, ere time its course began,  
 O’er heav’n’s wide region echoing ran ;  
 To him through endless ages raise  
 One song of oft-repeated praise.



## PSALM XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the *hart* for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chace,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thy majesty divine !
- 3 Tears are my constant food, while thus  
Insulting foes upbraid,  
“ Deluded wretch, where’s now thy God ?  
“ And where’s his promis’d aid ?”
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God, and he’ll employ  
His aid for thee : and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 5 When thy blest presence, Lord of Life,  
Has once dispell’d the storm ;  
To thee I’ll midnight anthems sing,  
And all my vows perform.
- 6 God of my strength, how long shall I  
Like one forgotten mourn !  
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos’d  
To my oppressor’s scorn !
- 7 My heart is pierc’d as with a sword,  
While thus my foes upbraid,  
“ Vain boaster, where is now thy God ?  
“ And where his promis’d aid ?”



- 8 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal Spring.

## PSALM XLIII.

- 1 **J**UST Judge of Heav'n, against my foes  
Do thou assert my injur'd right :  
O set me free, my God, from those  
That in deceit and wrong delight.
- 2 Let me with *light* and *truth* be blest,  
Be thou my guide, and lead the way,  
Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 3 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
To God, who is my only joy ;  
And well-tun'd harps with songs of praise  
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 4 Why then cast down, my soul, and why  
So much oppress'd with anxious care ?  
On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

## PSALM XLIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of pow'r and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,  
And make thy gospel known,  
Among them did thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.

- 3 In God they boasted all the day,  
And, in a cheerful throng,  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now, chastis'd by thee, we stand  
A proverb to our foes ;  
While fierce derision claps the hand,  
And triumphs in our woes.
- 5 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord !  
Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?  
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,  
Or banish'd from thy face !
- 6 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Saviour and our God ;  
We plead the honours of thy name,  
The merits of thy blood.

## PSALM XLV.

- 1 **E**XALTED by a blessed thought,  
My soul is on the wing ;  
I speak, as by the Spirit taught,  
The praise of Christ my King.
- 2 My lips are eager, and delight  
Glad tidings to impart,  
As is the pen of them that write  
With equal ease and art.
- 3 Thy form is fairer than the race  
Of men from *Adam* sprung ;  
And God has giv'n eternal grace  
To thy persuasive tongue.

- 4 Ride on, thou Prince of wondrous might,  
Gird on thy dreadful sword !  
With majesty, and glorious light,  
And truth's all-conqu'ring word.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule thy saints by love.
- 6 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice ;  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. *Last Version.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing  
The glories of my Saviour-King,  
Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair  
His form !—How bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race  
He shines with a superior grace ;  
Love from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
Gird on the terror of thy sword !  
In majesty and glory ride,  
With truth and meekness at thy side !
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart !  
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands :  
Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His first-born Son above the rest.

*PART II.*

- 7 The King of saints, how fair his face,  
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !  
He comes with blessings from above,  
And wins the nations to his love.
- 8 At his right hand our eyes behold  
The queen array'd in purest gold ;  
The world admires her heav'nly dress,  
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 9 He forms her beauties like his own,  
He calls and seats her near his throne :  
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.
- 10 So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;  
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,  
For he's thy Maker, and thy Lord.
- 11 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies !  
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)  
Each like a prince in glory reign !

- 12 Let endless honours crown his head !  
Let ev'ry age his praises spread !  
While we with cheerful songs approve  
The condescensions of his love.

## PSALM XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade :  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and bury'd there :  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God :  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controuls :  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour :  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

## PART II.

- 7 Let *Sion* in her King rejoice,  
Though tyrants rage, and kingdom's rise ;  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 8 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought ;  
And *Jacob's* God is still our aid ;  
Behold the works his hand has wrought !  
What desolation he has made !
- 9 From sea to sea through all the shores  
He makes the noise of battle cease :  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 10 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :  
Keep silence all the earth ; and hear  
The sound and glory of his name !
- 11 " Be still ; and learn that I am God !  
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;  
" I will be known and fear'd abroad ;  
" But still my throne in *Sion* stands."
- 12 O Lord of hosts, almighty King !  
While we so near thy presence dwell,  
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing  
Defiance to the gates of hell.

## PSALM XLVII.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign King !  
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.



- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;  
 His heav'nly guards around  
 Attend him, rising through the sky,  
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
 Let mortals learn their strains ;  
 Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
 Let knowledge lead the song,  
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In *Israel* stood his ancient throne,  
 He lov'd that chosen race ;  
 But now he calls the world his own,  
 And *heathens* taste his grace.
- 6 The *British* islands are the Lord's,  
 There *Abr'ham's* God is known ;  
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,  
 Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 The honours of our native place,  
 And bulwarks of our land.



- 3 In *Sion* God is known  
A refuge in distress ;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces !
- 4 When *kings* against her join'd,  
And saw the Lord was there ;  
In wild confusion of the mind  
They fled with trembling fear.
- 5 When *navies*, tall and proud,  
Attempt to spoil our peace ;  
He sends his tempest roaring loud,  
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secur'd the fold  
Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In ev'ry new distress  
We'll to his house repair ;  
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.

## PART II.

- 8 Far as thy name is known  
The world declares thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
Their songs of honour raise.
- 9 With joy let *Judah* stand  
On *Sion's* chosen hill ;  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.

- 10 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well ;
- 11 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court ;  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;  
And make a fair report.
- 12 How decent and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 13 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die ;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And through eternity.

PSALM XLVIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **L**ORD! what our ears long since have  
Our eyes delighted trace, [known  
Thy love in long succession shown  
To Salem's chosen race.
- 2 Thrice blest abode ! whose ev'ry tow'r  
By thee supported stands ;  
The God whose wide-extended pow'r  
Th' ethereal host commands.
- 3 When prostrate at thy hallow'd shrine,  
Thy mercies each surveys,  
Transported with the view, we join  
In wonder, love. and praise.

## PART II.

- 4 Let *Sion's* heav'n-devoted mount  
 With shouts of triumph ring,  
 And *Judah's* daughters, pleas'd, recount  
 The judgments of her King.
- 5 Go, walk her sacred streets along,  
 And let her tow'rs be told ;  
 With curious eye her bulwarks strong,  
 And beauteous domes, behold.
- 6 So shall the fair description last,  
 Preserv'd in full record,  
 And tell what glories once have grac'd  
 The seat of *Jacob's* Lord.
- 7 To him our thankful hearts shall bow,  
 Nor own a God beside ;  
 To life's last period him avow,  
 The ever faithful guide.

## PSALM XLIX.

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,  
 And boast the large estates they have ?  
 How vain are riches to secure  
 Their haughty owners from the grave !
- 2 There the dark earth and dismal shade  
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;  
 That flesh so delicately fed  
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 3 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
 Laid in the grave for worms to eat ;  
 The saints shall in the morning rise,  
 And find th' oppressor at their feet.

- 4 His honours perish in the dust,  
His pomp and beauty, birth and blood :  
That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 5 My Saviour shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode :  
My flesh and soul shall part no more,  
But dwell for ever with my God.

## PSALM LI.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass  
The pow'r and glory of thy grace :  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death :  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## PART II.

- 7 Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
And born unholy and unclean :  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 8 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death :  
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 9 Behold I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The *leprosy* lies deep within.
- 10 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 11 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone :  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.
- 12 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

*PART III.*

- 13 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 14 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin :  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 15 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 16 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford :  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 17 Then will I teach the world thy ways,  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 18 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## PSALM LIII.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts profanely say  
“ That all religion's vain :  
“ There is no God that reigns on high,  
“ Or minds th' affairs of men.”



- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane  
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;  
And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne  
Look'd down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray ;  
Their practice all the same :  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In ev'ry heart are found ;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
Till grace refine the ground.

*PART II.*

- 6 Are all the foes of *Sion* fools,  
Who thus devour her saints ?  
Do they not know her Saviour rules,  
And pities her complaints ?
- 7 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise ;  
For God's avenging arm  
Scatters the bones of them that rise  
To do his children harm.
- 8 In vain the sons of *Satan* boast  
Of armies in array ;  
When God has first despis'd their host,  
They fall an easy prey.



- 9 O for a word from *Sion's* King,  
Her captives to restore !  
*Jacob* with all his tribes shall sing,  
And *Judah* mourn no more.

## PSALM LV.

- 1 **O** GOD, my Refuge, hear my cries,  
Behold my flowing tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,  
'To shake my hope in God.
- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,  
I groan with ev'ry breath ;  
Horror and fear beset me round,  
Among the shades of death.
- 4 O that I, like the gentle dove,  
Could stretch my light-plum'd wings !  
I'd fly, and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home,  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.

## PART II.

- 6 By morning-light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry,  
'The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
Nor will he long deny.

7 God shall preserve my soul from fear,  
Or shield me when afraid ;  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If he command their aid.

8 I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all ;  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fall.

9 My highest hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread his praise ;  
While cruel and deceitful men  
Scarce live out half their days.

## PSALM LVI.

1 **O** THOU whose justice reigns on high,  
And makes th' oppressor cease,  
Behold how envious sinners try  
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies  
Join to devour me, Lord ;  
But as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just, and true,  
I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,  
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults ;  
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.

- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?  
 Must their devices stand ?  
 O cast the haughty sinner down,  
 And let him know thy hand.

### PART II.

- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
 Their groans affect his ears ;—  
 Thou hast a *book* for my complaints,  
 A *bottle* for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
 The wicked fear and flee :  
 So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,  
 So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,  
 I have repos'd my trust ;  
 Nor will I fear what man can do,  
 The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
 Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
 I'll sing, " How faithful is thy word "  
 " How righteous all thy ways ! "
- 10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death ;  
 O set thy pris'ner free !  
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
 May be employ'd for thee.

### PSALM LVII.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
 Of boundless love and grace unknown ;  
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings  
 Till the dark cloud is overblown

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform ;  
He sends his angel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell !  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name ;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise !  
My tongue, the glory of my frame !

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell !  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

## PSALM LVIII.

1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye despise the righteous cause,  
When th' injur'd poor before you stands ?  
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
While gold and greatness bribe your hands.

2 Have you forgot, or never knew,  
That God will judge the judges too ?

High in the heav'ns his justice reigns,  
 Yet you invade the rights of God,  
 And send your bold decrees abroad,  
 To bind the conscience in your chains

- 3 Th' almighty thunders from the sky!  
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
 As hills of snow dissolve and run;  
 Or snails that perish in their slime,  
 Or births that come before their time,  
 Vain births that never see the sun.
- 4 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
 Safety and joy to saints afford;  
 And all that hear shall join and say,  
 "Sure there's a God that rules on high,  
 "A God that hears his children cry,  
 "And will their suff'rings well repay."

## PSALM LIX.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, my gracious God,  
 From my determin'd foes;  
 In my defence oppose thy pow'r  
 To their's who me oppose.
- 2 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength  
 For succour I depend:  
 'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,  
 Who only canst defend.
- 3 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft  
 From danger set me free,  
 Shall crown my wishes, and subdue  
 My haughty foes to me.

- 4 Early will I thy mercy sing,  
Thy wondrous power confess ;  
For thou hast been my sure defence,  
My refuge in distress.
- 5 To thee with never-ceasing praise,  
O God, my strength, I'll sing :  
Thou art my God, the rock from whence  
My health and safety spring.

## PSALM LXI.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies ;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head ;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the Tow'r of my defence,  
The Refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name :  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

## PSALM LXII.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is his throne ;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul for his salvation waits.

- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
 Pour out your hearts before his face :  
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
 God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
 The baser sort are vanity ;  
 Laid in the balance, both appear  
 Light as a bubble in the air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
 Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;  
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
 And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,  
 Once and again my ears have heard,  
 " All pow'r is his eternal due ;  
 " He must be fear'd, and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,  
 Grace is a partner of the throne ;  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
 This joy, to call thee mine ;  
 And let my early cries prevail  
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
 Thy mercy doth implore ;  
 Not travellers, in desert lands,  
 Can pant for water more.



- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find a place ;  
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compar'd with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live ;  
Not the rich dainties of a feast  
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night,  
I call my God to mind ;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 8 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps :  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face :  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
    Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
    And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory, and thy pow'r,  
    Through all thy temples shine ;  
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
    That vision so divine !
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
    Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
    And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
    Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
    As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
    I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
    And tune my lips to sing.

*PART II.*

- 7 'Twas in the watches of the night  
    I thought upon thy pow'r :  
I kept thy faithfulness in sight  
    Amidst the darkest hour.
- 8 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
    My soul arose on high ;  
“ My God, my life, my hope,” I said,  
    “ Bring thy salvation nigh.”

9 My spirit labours up thine hill,  
 And climbs the heav'nly road ;  
 But thy right hand upholds me still,  
 While I pursue my God.

0 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
 The shadow of thy wings ;  
 My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
 My tongue awakes and sings.

PSALM LXIII. *Version 3.*

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
 The glories that compose thy name  
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
 Thou art my Father and my God,  
 And I am thine by sacred ties ;  
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,  
 For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;  
 As travellers, in thirsty lands,  
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear  
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;  
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
 And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5 Nor fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,  
 Nor all the joys our senses know,  
 Could make me so divinely blest,  
 Or raise my cheerful passions so.

- 6 My life itself, without thy love,  
 No taste of pleasure could afford ;  
 'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
 When busy cares afflict my head,  
 One thought of thee gives new delight,  
 And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
 And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. *Version 4.*

- 1 **T**HOU art my God, to thee my eyes  
 I lift ere yet the dawn arise ;  
 With sacred thirst, O Lord, I burn ;  
 My heart, my flesh, thine absence mourn,  
 As o'er th' inhospitable way,  
 Amidst a barren waste, I stray.
- 2 Yet here, by heav'nly wisdom led,  
 Expectant wait, till o'er my head  
 Thy beams in mild effulgence play,  
 And turn my darkness into day :  
 Those beams which oft my eyes beheld  
 Within thy temple, Lord, reveal'd.
- 3 Thy love my lips shall ever tell ;  
 (Can life itself that love excel ?)  
 Nor cease, while breath prolongs my days.  
 In thankful notes the hymn to raise :

To thee, thy servant, Lord, as now,  
His hands shall rear, his knees shall bow.

Safe in the shadow of thy wings,  
In thee I joy, O King of kings !  
When dangers threaten to devour,  
(Superior to each adverse pow'r)  
Thine arm extends the help divine,  
And long experience calls it mine.

## PSALM LXV.

**T**HE praise of *Sion* waits for thee,  
My God; and praise becomes thy house :  
There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
And there perform their public vows.

O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies  
To save, when humble sinners pray ;  
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
And islands of the *northern* sea.

Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away their stain ;  
The blood of Christ will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.

Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
And give him kind access to thee ;  
Grant him a place within thy house,  
To taste thy love divinely free.

## PSALM LXVI.

**S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
Sing with a joyful noise ;  
With melody of sound record  
His honours and your joys.

- 2 Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,  
    " How terrible art Thou !  
    " Sinners before thy presence fly,  
    " Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 He rules by his resistless might,  
    Will rebel mortals dare  
    Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,  
    And tempt that dreadful war?
- 4 O bless our God, and never cease ;  
    Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;  
    He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
    And guides our doubtful ways.
- 5 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
    To make our graces shine ;  
    So *silver* bears the burning coals,  
    The metal to refine.
- 6 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways  
    We march at thy command,  
    Led to possess the promis'd place  
    By thine unerring hand.

## PART II.

- 7 Now shall my solemn vows be paid  
    To that almighty Pow'r,  
    Who heard the long requests I made,  
    In my distressful hour.
- 8 My lips and cheerful heart prepare,  
    To make his mercies known ;  
    Come ye that fear my God, and hear  
    The wonders he hath done !

- 9 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
 I sought his heav'nly aid ;  
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,  
 And death's eternal shade.
- 10 If sin lay cover'd in my heart  
 While pray'r employ'd my tongue,  
 The Lord had shewn me no regard,  
 Nor I his praises sung.
- 11 But God (his name be ever blest)  
 Hath set my spirit free,  
 Nor turn'd from him my poor request,  
 Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,  
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
 And cause the brightness of thy face  
 On all thy saints to shine,
- 2 That so thy wondrous ways  
 May through the world be known ;  
 While distant lands their tribute pay,  
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'rent nations join  
 To celebrate thy fame ;  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
 Dissolv'd in holy mirth ;  
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
 Shalt govern all the earth.



- 5 Let diff'ring nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Then shall the teeming ground  
A large increase disclose ;  
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,  
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 7 Then God upon our land  
Shall constant blessings show'r ;  
And all the world in awe shall stand  
Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXVII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on *Britain* shine  
With beams of heav'nly grace :  
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,  
And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad ;  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice ;  
While all our tongues exalt his praise,  
And all our hearts rejoice.
- 4 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,  
Who sits enthron'd above,  
Wisely commands the worlds he made,  
In justice and in love.

5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase ;  
Our God will crown his chosen isle  
With fruitfulness and peace.

6 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here :  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

## PSALM LXVIII.

1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight,  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies  
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He comes array'd in burning flames ;  
Justice and vengeance are his names :  
Behold his fainting foes expire,  
Like melting wax before the fire.

3 He rides, and thunders through the sky ;  
His name Jehovah sounds on high :  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,  
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress :  
In him the poor and helpless find  
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And pris'ners see the light again ;  
But rebels that dispute his will,  
Shall dwell in chains of darkness still.

## PART II.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song :  
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse ;  
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;  
How terrible is God in arms !  
In *Israel* are his mercies known,  
*Sion* is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest,  
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest ;  
When terrors rise and nations faint,  
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

## PART III.

- 9 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 10 Not *Sinai's* mountain could appear  
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 11 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 12 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

## PART IV.

- 13 We bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 14 He sends his sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again :
- 15 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death :  
Safety and health to God belong ;  
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 16 He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide diff'rence that remains  
Is endless *joy*, or endless *pains*.
- 17 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,  
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;  
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 18 But his right hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;  
And bring them to his courts above,  
There shall they taste his special love.

## PSALM LXIX.

- 1 “ **SAVE** me, O God, the swelling floods  
“ Break in upon my soul :  
“ I sink ; and sorrows o'er my head  
“ Like mighty waters roll.”

- 2 Thus in the great Messiah's name  
The Royal *Prophet* mourns ;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.
- 3 " Now shall the saints rejoice, and find  
" Salvation in my name ;  
" For I have borne their heavy load  
" Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 4 " Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,  
" And sackcloth was my dress,  
" While I procur'd for naked souls  
" A robe of righteousness.
- 5 " Among my brethren and the *Jews*  
" I like a stranger stood ;  
" And bore their vile reproach, to bring  
" The *Gentiles* near to God.
- 6 " I came in sinful mortals' stead  
" To do my father's will ;  
" Yet when I cleans'd my father's house,  
" They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 7 " My fasting and my holy groans  
" Were made the drunkard's song ;  
" But God, from his celestial throne,  
" Heard my complaining tongue.
- 8 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour  
" My pray'r arose on high :  
" And for my sake my God shall hear  
" The dying sinner's cry."

*PART II.*

- 9 Now let our lips, with holy fear  
And mournful pleasure, sing  
The suff'rings of our great High-Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.
- 10 He sinks in floods of deep distress :  
How high the waters rise !  
While to his heav'nly father's ear  
He sends perpetual cries.
- 11 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy son,  
" Nor hide thy shining face ;  
" Why should thy fav'rite look like one  
" Forsaken of thy grace ?
- 12 " With rage they persecute the man  
" That groans beneath thy wound ;  
" While, for a sacrifice, I pour  
" My life upon the ground.
- 13 " All my reproach is known to thee,  
" The scandal and the shame ;  
" Reproach hath broke my bleeding heart,  
" And lies defil'd my name.
- 14 " With vinegar they mock my thirst ;  
" They give me gall for food ;  
" And sporting with my dying groans,  
" They triumph in my blood.
- 15 " Shine into my distressed soul ;  
" Let thy compassion save ;  
" And, though my flesh sink down to death,  
" Redeem it from the grave.



- 16 “ I shall arise to praise thy name  
“ Shall reign in worlds unknown,  
“ And thy salvation, O my God,  
“ Shall seat me on thy throne.”

*PART III.*

- 17 Father, I sing thy wondrous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's Name ;  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinners' shame.
- 18 His deep distress hath rais'd us high,  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy will.
- 19 His dying groans, his living songs,  
Shall better please my God  
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- 20 This shall his humble follow'rs see,  
And set their hearts at rest ;  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.
- 21 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise,  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance thy praise.
- 22 *Zion* is thine, most holy God ;  
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
And glory purchas'd by his blood,  
For thine own *Israel* waits.



## PSALM LXX.

- 1 **H**ASTE to my aid, my Saviour, haste ;  
 My soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,  
 To thee directs its pray'r :  
 In wild confusion backward borne,  
 Their wish defeated let them mourn,  
 And lost in empty air.
- 2 Be shame their just reward assign'd,  
 While round me, with relentless mind,  
 Derision's shouts they raise :  
 Thy bliss let all who seek thee share,  
 And taught thy love, that love declare  
 In songs of ceaseless praise.
- 3 While these in thy salvation joy,  
 Increasing griefs my thought employ,  
 And speediest aid demand ;  
 My Helper and Redeemer, hear !  
 O, instant in my cause appear,  
 And reach thy saving hand !

PSALM LXXI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,  
 I live upon thy truth ;  
 Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
 And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,  
 With all these limbs of mine ;  
 And from my mother's painful hour,  
 I've been intirely thine.

- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated ev'ry year ;  
Behold my days which yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise !  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,  
In ev'ry line thy praise.

*PART II.*

- 6 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 7 Thou art my everlasting trust ;  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 8 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage, in thy strength,  
To see my father God.
- 9 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

- 10 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King !  
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 11 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God ;  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 12 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs !  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

*PART III.*

- 13 God of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,  
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 14 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart ?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God, my strength, depart ?
- 15 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age ;  
And leave a savour of thy name,  
When I shall quit the stage.
- 16 The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove ;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world thy love !

*PART IV.*

- 17 Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
 Unsearchable thy deeds ;  
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all my praise exceeds.
- 18 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,  
 And oft endur'd the grief;  
 But when thy hand has press'd me sore,  
 Thy grace was my relief.
- 19 By long experience have I known  
 Thy sov'reign pow'r to save ;  
 At thy command I venture down  
 Securely to the grave.
- 20 When I lie buried deep in dust,  
 My flesh shall be thy care ;  
 These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,  
 To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **T**HY servant, God of gods supreme,  
 O hear, and hasten to redeem :  
 Be thou my rock, and safe resort ;  
 My Rock thou art, my strongest fort.
- 2 On thee my hopes supported stand ;  
 My life from earliest youth thy hand  
 (That life which first from thee began)  
 Preserv'd, and led me up to man.
- 3 When lodg'd within the womb I lay,  
 Thy care produc'd me to the day ;  
 And, while that care my years prolongs,  
 Thy name shall animate my songs.

- 4 Though crowds, with silent gaze, in me  
 A spectacle of wonder see ;  
 Amidst my grief, amidst my pain,  
 Thy love shall still my faith sustain.

## PART II.

- 5 O let me not, almighty Friend,  
 When with a weight of age I bend,  
 And weary'd nature's succours fail,  
 The absence of thine aid bewail.
- 6 Strong in thy might I take my way,  
 Thy righteousness my only stay,  
 And through the day, my God, my King,  
 Thy justice, thy salvation, sing.
- 7 How hast thou bid my soul to know  
 A long vicissitude of woe ?  
 Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning ray  
 Hast chas'd each cloud of grief away !
- 8 My willing lips with praise shall flow ;  
 My rescu'd soul with transport glow ;  
 And pleas'd from morn to eve record  
 Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord.

PSALM LXXII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **B**LEST Prince of righteousness and peace,  
 The hope of all mankind ;  
 The poor, in thy unblemish'd reign,  
 Shall free protection find :  
 Secure of just redress, to thee  
 Th' oppress'd his cause shall bring ;  
 While, with the fruits of sacred peace,  
 The joyful fields shall spring.

- 2 Through endless years thy glorious name  
 The righteous shall adore,  
 When sun and moon have run their course,  
 And measure time no more :  
 Thou shalt descend like softest drops  
 Of kind celestial dews ;  
 Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall  
 The joyful spring renews.
- 3 Thy glory no eclipse shall see,  
 But shine divinely bright ;  
 While from his orb the radiant sun  
 Darts undiminish'd light.  
 Converted nations, blest in thee,  
 Shall magnify thy grace ;  
 Call thee their glorious Ransomer,  
 And Hope of all their race.
- 4 With love and sacred rapture fir'd,  
 Thy lofty name we'll sing :  
 Thou only wondrous things hast done,  
 Thou everlasting King !  
 From all the corners of the earth  
 Let grateful praise ascend :  
 Let loud *Amens*, and joyful shouts,  
 The starry concave rend.

PSALM LXXII. *Version 2.*

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
 The known and unknown worlds obey,  
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;  
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands :  
All heav'n submits to his commands :  
His justice shall avenge the poor ;  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down :  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The *heathen* lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of over-spreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise :  
Peace, like a river, from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

### PART II.

- 7 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run :  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 8 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With ev'ry morning-sacrifice.



- 9 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 10 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 11 Where he displays his healing pow'r  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In him the tribes of *Adam* boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 12 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

PSALM LXXIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind  
To men of heart sincere :  
Though once my foolish thoughts repin'd,  
And border'd on despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,  
And spoke with angry breath,  
“ How pleasant and profane they live !  
“ How peaceful is their death !”
- 3 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,  
I felt my heart reprove ;  
“ Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,  
“ And grieve the men I love.”

- 4 But still I found my doubts too hard,  
The conflict too severe,  
Till I retir'd to search thy word,  
And learn thy secrets there.
- 5 There, as in some prophetic glass,  
I saw the sinner's feet  
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,  
Beside a fiery pit.
- 6 I heard the wretch profanely boast,  
Till at thy frown he fell ;  
His honours in a dream were lost,  
And he awakes in hell.
- 7 Lord, what an envious fool I was !  
How like a thoughtless beast !  
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,  
And think the wicked blest.
- 8 Yet was I kept from full despair,  
Upheld by pow'r un known :  
That blessed hand that broke the snare,  
Shall guide me to thy throne.

*PART II.*

- 9 God, my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 10 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.

- 11 Were I in heaven without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me;  
 And while this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- 12 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint !  
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
 The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 13 Behold, the sinners that remove  
 Far from thy presence die ;  
 Not all the idol-gods they love  
 Can save them when they cry.
- 14 But to draw near to Thee, my God,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
 And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
 To mourn and murmur, and repine  
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
 In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But, O their end ! their dreadful end !  
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :  
 On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
 And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
 I'll never envy them again ;  
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

- 4 Their fancy'd joys how fast they flee !  
 Just like a dream when man awakes ;  
 Their songs of softest harmony  
 Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,  
 My Life, my Portion, and my God.

## PSALM LXXVII.

**T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,  
 I sought his gracious ear,  
 In the sad day when troubles rose,  
 And fill'd the night with fear.

- 2 My overwhelming sorrows grew  
 Till I could speak no more ;  
 Then I within myself withdrew,  
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 3 I call'd back years and ancient times  
 When I beheld thy face,  
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes  
 That might withhold thy grace.
- 4 I call'd thy mercies to my mind  
 Which I enjoy'd before ;  
 And will the Lord, no more be kind ?  
 His face appear no more ?
- 5 Will he for ever cast me off ?  
 His promise ever fail ?  
 Has he forgot his tender love ?  
 Shall anger still prevail ?—

- 6 But I forbid this hopeless thought,  
This dark despairing frame,  
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;  
Thy hand is still the same.
- 7 I'll think again of all thy ways,  
And talk thy wonders o'er;  
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,  
When flesh could hope no more
- 8 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;  
And men that love thy word  
Have in thy sanctuary known  
The counsels of the Lord.

## PSALM LXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God perform'd of old;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known;  
His works of pow'r and grace;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn,  
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

## PSALM LXXX.

**G**REAT Shepherd of thine *Israel*,  
 Who dost between the cherubs dwell,  
 And led'st the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
 Safe through the desert and the deep.

Thy church is in the desert now :  
 Shine from on high and guide us through ;  
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
 How long shall we lament and pray,  
 And wait in vain thy kind return ?  
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?

Instead of wine and cheerful bread,  
 Thy saints with their own tears are fed ;  
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

*PART II.*

Hast thou not planted with thy hands  
 A lovely vine in *heathen* lands ?  
 Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
 And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?

How did the spreading branches shoot,  
 And bless the nations with the fruit !  
 But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
 Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?  
 Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?  
 Strangers and foes against her join,  
 And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.



- 8 Return, Almighty God, return ;  
 Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :  
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PART III.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in *Canaan* grew,  
 Thou wast its strength and glory too !  
 Attack'd in vain by all its foes,  
 Till the fair *Branch of promise* rose.
- 10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot  
 From *David's* stock, from *Jacob's* root ;  
 Himself a noble Vine, and we  
 The lesser branches of the tree :
- 11 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand,  
 Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand ;  
 Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest  
 With pow'r and grace above the rest.
- 12 O ! for his sake attend our cry,  
 Shine on thy churches, lest they die ;  
 Turn us to Thee, thy love restore,  
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,  
 And make a joyful noise :  
 God is our strength, our Saviour God ;  
 Let *Israel* hear his voice.
- 2 “ From vile idolatry  
 “ Preserve my worship clean ;  
 “ I am the Lord who set thee free  
 “ From slavery and sin.



- 3 “ Stretch thy desires abroad,  
 “ And I’ll supply them well ;  
 “ But if you will refuse your God,  
 “ If *Israel* will rebel ;
- 4 “ I’ll leave them (saith the Lord)  
 “ To their own lusts a prey,  
 “ And let them run the dangerous road ;  
 “ ’Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 “ Yet, O ! that all my saints  
 “ Would hearken to my voice !  
 “ Soon I would ease their sore complaints,  
 “ And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 “ While I destroy their foes,  
 “ I’d richly feed my flock ;  
 “ And they should taste the stream that flows  
 “ From their eternal Rock.”

PSALM LXXXIV. *Version 1.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
 How lovely is the place  
 Where thou, enthron’d in glory, shew’st  
 The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire  
 To view thy blest abode ;  
 My panting heart and flesh cry out  
 For thee, the living God.
- 3 The birds a peaceful home secure,  
 And, joyful, tend their nest ;—  
 Thine altars yield my soul her joy,  
 Thy courts her sweetest rest.

- 4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in thy temple always dwell,  
And there thy praise display !
- 5 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee  
Their sure protection made ;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead.
- 6 As through the dreary vale they pass  
Of vanity and tears ;  
Grace pours its plenteous streams, and thence  
The thirsty desert cheers.
- 7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength ;  
And still approach more near ;  
Till all on *Zion's* holy mount  
Before their God appear.

### *PART II.*

- 8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,  
My supplication hear ;  
Thou God of *Jacob*, to my voice  
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 9 Behold, O God, our shield, the face  
Of thine anointed Son :  
We from our impotence and guilt  
To Him for Refuge run.
- 10 To dwell one day within thy courts,  
My God, my gracious King,  
T' implore thy love, to learn thy will,  
And thy salvation sing :

- 11 Far, far in my esteem exceeds  
A thousand days beside,  
That in the height of carnal joys  
Uninterrupted glide.
- 12 Rather at *Zion's* sacred gates  
Would I a servant wait,  
Than in the tents of sin reside,  
Or fill a throne of state.
- 13 For God, who is our sun and shield,  
Will grace and glory give ;  
And no good thing will he withhold  
From them that justly live.
- 14 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,  
Is still repos'd on Thee !

PSALM LXXXIV. *Version 2.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;  
My panting heart cries out for God :  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee ?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides a nest :  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want ?

- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to *Zion's* gate ;  
God is their strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

*PART II.*

- 8 Great God, attend while *Zion* sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 9 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 10 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.

- 1 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too :  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 2 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee ;  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Version 3.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples are !  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires,  
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young,  
With pleasure, seeks a nest ;  
And wand'ring swallows long  
To find their wonted rest :  
My spirit faints  
With equal zeal,  
To rise and dwell  
Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To *Zion's* hill !

- 4 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears :  
O glorious seat,  
When God our king  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet !

*PART II.*

- 5 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside.  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door  
Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence ;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence :  
He shall bestow  
On *Jacob's* race  
Peculiar grace  
And glory too.

The Lord his people loves ;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls :

Thrice happy he  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in Thee.

## PSALM LXXXV.

**L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,  
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom ;  
So God forgave when *Israel* sinn'd,  
And brought his wand'ring captives home,

Thou hast begun to set us free,  
And made thy fiercest wrath abate :  
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,  
And thy salvation be complete.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,  
We wait for praise to tune our voice ;

We wait to hear what God will say :  
He'll speak, and give his people peace ;  
But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

## PART II.

Salvation is for ever nigh  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;  
And grace, descending from on high,  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.



- 6 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;  
By his obedience so complete,  
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 7 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again;  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 8 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God:  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more;  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O my complaint, O Lord my God,  
Thy gracious ear incline;  
Hear me, distrest and destitute  
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 To me, who daily thee invoke,  
Thy mercy, Lord, extend:  
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes  
On thee alone depend.
- 3 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,  
But prompt to pardon too;  
Of plenteous mercy to all those  
Who for thy mercy sue.
- 4 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
Praise thee with heart sincere;  
And to thy ever-glorious name  
Eternal trophies rear.

For thou thy constant goodness didst  
To my assistance bring ;  
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,  
The everlasting Spring.

## PSALM LXXXVII.

**G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :  
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,  
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.

His mercy visits ev'ry house,  
That pay their night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories were describ'd of old !  
What wonders are of *Zion* told !  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

*Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,  
Shall there begin their lives anew ;  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.

When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

## PSALM LXXXIX.

**M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show  
The mercies of the Lord ;  
And make succeeding ages know  
How faithful is his word.

- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce  
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;  
And if he speak a promise once,  
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of *David* held  
The promis'd *Jewish* throne !  
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd  
To *David's* greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess  
A throne above the skies ;  
The meanest subject of his grace  
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord, God of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are sung by saints above ;  
And saints on earth their honours raise  
To thy unchanging love.

## PART II.

- 6 With rev'rence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands attentive hear,  
And tremble at his word.
- 7 How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee ?  
Or truth compar'd to thine ?
- 8 The *Northern* pole and *Southern* rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day from *East* to *West*  
Move round at thy command.

- 9 Thy words the raging wind control,  
And rule the boist'rous deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
- 10 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell ;  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,  
When *Egypt* durst rebel !
- 11 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy join'd in one  
Invite us near thy face.

## PART III.

- 12 Blest are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 13 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 14 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives :  
*Israel*, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

## PART IV.

- 15 Hear what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercy known :  
" Sinners, behold your help is laid  
" On my Almighty Son. L

- 16 “ High shall he reign on *David's* throne,  
“ My people's better King ;  
“ My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
“ And still new subjects bring.
- 17 “ My truth shall guide him in his way,  
“ With mercy by his side ;  
“ While in my name, thro' earth and sea,  
“ He shall in triumph ride.
- 18 “ My first-born Son, array'd in grace,  
“ At my right hand shall sit ;  
“ Beneath him angels know their place,  
“ And monarchs at his feet.
- 19 “ My cov'nant stands for ever fast ;  
“ My promises are strong :  
“ Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,  
“ His seed endure as long.”

## PART V.

- 20 “ Yet (saith the Lord) if *David's* race,  
“ The children of my Son,  
“ Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
“ And tempt mine anger down ;
- 21 “ Their sins I'll visit with a rod,  
“ And make their folly smart ;  
“ But I'll not cease to be their God,  
“ Nor from my truth depart.
- 22 “ My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
“ But keep my grace in mind :  
“ And what eternal love hath spoke,  
“ Eternal truth shall bind.

- 3 “ Once have I sworn (I need no more),  
 “ And pledg’d my holiness,  
 “ To seal the sacred promise sure  
 “ To *David* and his race.
- 4 “ The sun shall see his offspring rise,  
 “ And spread from sea to sea ;  
 “ Long as he travels round the skies,  
 “ To give the nations day.
- 5 “ Sure as the moon that rules the night,  
 “ His kingdom shall endure ;  
 “ Till the fix’d laws of shade and light  
 “ Shall be observ’d no more.”

## PART VI.

- 6 Think, mighty God, on feeble man !  
 How few his hours ! how short his span !  
 Short from the cradle to the grave :  
 Who can secure his vital breath  
 Against the bold demands of death ?  
 With skill to fly, or pow’r to save ?
- 7 Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
 “ The race of man was only made  
 “ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?”  
 Are not thy servants day by day  
 Sent to their graves, and turn’d to clay ?  
 Lord, where’s thy kindness to the just ?
- 8 Hast thou not promis’d to thy Son,  
 And all his seed, a heav’nly crown ?  
 But flesh and sense indulge despair :  
 For ever blessed be the Lord !  
 That *faith* can read his holy word,  
 And find a resurrection there.



- 29 For ever blessed be the Lord !  
 Who gives his saints a rich reward  
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;  
 Let all below, and all above,  
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
 And each repeat a loud *Amen*.

## PSALM XC.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come ;  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 6 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,  
 Pleas'd with the morning light ;  
 The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand  
 Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.



- 7 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be thou our guard whilst life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

*PART II.*

- 8 Thou, Lord, hast weigh'd our ev'ry fault,  
And thine all-searching eyes  
Mark and arrest each guilty thought  
Which veil'd in darkness lies.
- 9 Our fleeting days are swiftly blown  
Before thy angry blast ;  
Our years, like empty tales, are gone,  
Which scarce a moment last.
- 10 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To threescore years and ten ;  
And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 11 So teach us to compute our days,  
And so our hearts apply,  
That safely we, through wisdom's ways,  
May reach eternity.
- 12 Return, O Lord, and grant some rest  
To all thy servant's woes ;  
Our hearts, with early mercies blest,  
To holy joys dispose !
- 13 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease ;  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.

- 14 Thy wonders to thy servants show ;  
    Make thy own work complete ;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
    And own thy love was great.

PSALM XCI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, how safe from harm,  
    Who to his Saviour flies !  
And on his truth and mighty arm  
    Alone for help relies !
- 2 He from the fowler's secret snare  
    Thy trembling feet shall guide ;  
And shield from plagues that walk the air  
    With death's gigantic stride.
- 3 His overspreading wings of love  
    Shall sure protection yield ;  
While his eternal truth shall prove  
    Thine adamant shield.
- 4 What though strange terrors fill the night ?  
    Death's shafts obscure the day ?  
He thy salvation's strength and light,  
    Shall chase each fear away.
- 5 What tho' fierce plagues, thro' horrid gloom,  
    With wild destruction reign ?  
Tho' thousands round thee crowd the tomb,  
    Ten thousands press the plain ?
- 6 Thine eyes shall see his vengeful rod  
    And not one fear molest ;  
In the high friendship of thy God,  
    Supremely safe and blest.

## PART II.

- 7 ' Ye sons of men, a feeble race,  
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,  
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,  
And try, and trust his care.
- 8 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;  
Or if the plague come nigh,  
And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
'Twill raise the saints on high.
- 9 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in all their ways ;  
To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
And guard your happy days.
- 10 Their hands shall bear you lest you fall  
And dash against the stones ;  
Are they not servants at his call,  
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 11 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;  
The tempter's wiles defeat ;  
He that hath broke the serpent's head,  
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 12 " Because on me they set their love,  
" I'll save them, (saith the Lord)  
" I'll bear their joyful souls above  
" Destruction and the sword.
- 13 " My grace shall answer when they call ;  
" In trouble I'll be nigh ;  
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
" And raise them when they die.

- 14 “ Those that on earth my name have known,  
 “ I’ll honour them in heav’n ;  
 “ There my salvation shall be shown,  
 “ And endless life be giv’n.”

PSALM XCI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,  
 Shall find a most secure abode ;  
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
 And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, “ My God, thy pow’r  
 “ Shall be my fortress and my tow’r ;  
 “ I, that am form’d of feeble dust,  
 “ Make thine almighty arm my trust.”
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker’s care  
 Shall keep thee from the fowler’s snare,  
*Satan* the fowler, who betrays  
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood  
 From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
 Under her feathers ; so the Lord  
 Makes his own arm his people’s guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
 To dart a pestilential fire,  
 God is their life, his wings are spread  
 To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath  
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
*Israel* is safe :—the poison’d air  
 Grows pure, if *Israel*’s God be there.

PSALM XCII. *Version 1.*

**T**HOU who art enthron'd above,  
 Thou by whom we live and move;  
 O how sweet with joyful tongue  
 To resound thy praise in song!  
 When the morning paints the skies,  
 When the sparkling stars arise,  
 All thy favours to rehearse,  
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
 When devotion fills the breast;  
 When we dwell within thy house,  
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows:—  
 Notes to heav'n's high mansion raise,  
 Fill its courts with joyful praise;  
 Let repeated hymns proclaim  
 Great Jehovah's awful name.

From thy works our joys arise,  
 O thou only good and wise!  
 Who thy wonders can declare?  
 How profound thy counsels are!  
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire,  
 Grateful fervours still inspire;  
 All our pow'rs, with all their might,  
 Ever in thy praise unite.

PSALM XCII. *Version 2.*

**S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;  
 To shew thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like *David's* harp of solemn sound :
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor *Satan* break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

### PART II.

- 8 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thine hand :  
Let me within thy courts be seen  
Like a young *cedar*, fresh and green.

There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thy influence from above ;  
Not *Lebanon*, with all its trees,  
Yields such a comely sight as these.

The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age, they shew  
The Lord is holy, just, and true :  
None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. *Version 1.*

**W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundation strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How sure establish'd is thy throne !  
Which shall no change or period see ;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity.

The swelling floods tumultuous rise,  
Aloud the angry tempests roar,  
Lift their proud billows to the skies,  
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

The Lord, the mighty God on high,  
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;  
He speaks !—and noise and tempest fly,  
The waves sink down in gentle peace.



- 5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,  
Eternal holiness is thine ;  
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,  
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

PSALM XCIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crown'd :  
Array'd in robes of light,  
Begirt with sov'reign might,  
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands ;  
And skies and stars obey thy word :  
Thy throne was fix'd on high,  
Before the starry sky ;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar :  
In vain with angry spite,  
The furious nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their pow'rs engage ;  
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down ;  
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new ;  
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove :  
Thy saints with holy fear  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

## PSALM XCIV.

**O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,  
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;  
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.

They say, " The Lord nor sees nor hears ;"  
When will the fools be wise !  
Can He be deaf, who form'd their ears ?  
Or blind, who made their eyes ?

He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his pow'r ;  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,  
In some surprising hour.

But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod ;  
Thy providences and thy book  
Shall make them know their God.

Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw :  
Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
When they forget thy law.

But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
Nor his own promise break ;  
He pardons his inheritance,  
For their Redeemer's sake

## PART II.

- 7 Who will arise and plead my right  
Against my num'rous foes,  
While earth and hell their force unite,  
And all my hopes oppose ?
- 8 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
Sustain'd my fainting head,  
My life had now in silence dwelt,  
My soul among the dead.
- 9 " Alas ! my sliding feet ! " I cry'd ;  
Thy promise was my prop :  
Thy grace stood constant by my side ;  
Thy Spirit bore me up.
- 10 While multitudes of mournful thoughts  
Within my bosom roll ;  
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 11 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,  
And frame pernicious laws ;  
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,  
He will defend my cause.
- 12 Let malice vent her rage aloud,  
Let bold blasphemers scoff ;  
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,  
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV. *Version 1.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own ;  
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord :  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.

To day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn *Jews*,  
That unbelieving race ;

The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear,  
“ You that despis'd my promis'd rest  
“ Shall have no portion there.”

PSALM XCV. *Version 2.*

**S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight  
And psalms of honour sing ;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,  
When once compar'd with Him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face :  
O may the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,  
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

PSALM XCV. *Version 3.*

- 1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King :  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favours past ;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command ;  
The strength of hills that threat the skies  
Subjected to his empire lies.

1 The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
 By the same sov'reign right is his ;  
 'Tis mov'd by the almighty hand  
 That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

5 O let us to his courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there ;  
 Down on our knees devoutly all  
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM XCVI. *Version 1.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
 Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :  
 His new discover'd grace demands  
 A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
 God's own almighty Son :  
 His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
 And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,  
 Joy through the earth be seen ;  
 Let cities shine in bright array,  
 And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
 The islands of the sea :  
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,  
 Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless  
 The nations as their God ;  
 To shew the world his righteousness,  
 And send his truth abroad.

- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
 And bid the world draw near,  
 How will the guilty nations dread  
 To see their Judge appear !

PSALM XCVI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord some new-taught song ;  
 Earth, to his name the note prolong ;  
 Till realms remote his acts have known,  
 And man's whole race his wonders own.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and great his praise :  
 What God like him our fear can raise ?  
 Not such as *heathen* lands afford,  
 Created first, and then ador'd.
- 3 Yield to his name the honours due ;  
 Oft to his courts your way pursue  
 With solemn step ; and joyful bring  
 The off'ring to your heav'nly King.
- 4 Before the beauty of his shrine,  
 Ye saints in low prostration join ;  
 Ye natives of each distant shore,  
 His pow'r revere ; his name adore.

PSALM XCVI. *Version 3.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise  
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name :  
 His glory let the *heathens* know,  
 His wonders to the nations show,  
 And all his saving works proclaim.



The *heathens* know thy glory, Lord,  
The wond'ring nations read thy word :  
In *Britain* is Jehovah known !  
Our worship shall no more be paid  
To Gods which mortal hands have made :  
Our Maker is our God alone.

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there :  
His beams are majesty and light ;  
His beauties how divinely bright !  
His temple how divinely fair !

Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;  
Then shall the race of man confess  
The beauty of his holiness,  
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. *Version 1.*

**Y**E islands of the *Northern* sea  
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;  
His word, like fire, prepares his way,  
And mountains melt to plains.

His presence sinks the proudest hills,  
And makes the valleys rise :  
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,  
The haughty sinner dies.

The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim ;  
The idol-gods around  
Fill their own worshippers with shame,  
And totter to the ground.

- 4 Adoring angels at his birth  
Make the Redeemer known ;  
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
And hills and seas retire ;  
His children take their secret flight,  
And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown  
For saints in darkness here,  
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,  
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM XCVII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **H**E reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns !  
Praise him in evangelic strains :  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne :  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs !  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire !
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

## PART II.

- 5 The Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn his name :  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of *Eastern* sages to their God.
- 6 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high, and gods below,
- 7 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound :  
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

## PART III.

- 8 Th' Almighty reigns, exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 9 O ye that love his holy name,  
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame :  
He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 10 Immortal light, and joys unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown :  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 11 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord :  
None but the soul that feels his grace,  
Can triumph in his holiness.

## PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,  
New honours be addrest ;  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to *Abr'ham* first ;  
His truth fulfils the grace ;  
The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim  
With all her diff'rent tongues,  
And spread the honours of his name  
In melody and songs.

## PART II.

- 4 Joy to the world ; the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King :  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 5 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While seas and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 6 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.
- 7 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

## PSALM XCIX.

1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,  
 Let all the nations fear :  
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
 And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
 Let earth adore its Lord :  
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In *Zion* is his throne,  
 His honours are divine ;  
 His church shall make his wonders known,  
 For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name !  
 How terrible his praise !  
 Justice and truth, and judgment join  
 In all his works of grace.

*PART II.*

5 Exalt the Lord our God,  
 And worship at his feet ;  
 His nature is all holiness,  
 And mercy is his seat.

6 When *Israel* was his church,  
 When *Aaron* was his priest,  
 When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,  
 He gave his people rest.

7 Oft he forgave their sins,  
 Nor would destroy their race ;  
 And oft he made his vengeance known,  
 When they abus'd his grace.

- 8 Exalt the Lord our God,  
 Whose grace is still the same ;  
 Still he's a God of holiness,  
 And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. *Version 1.*

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
 Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,  
 Without our aid he did us make ;  
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
 And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy his courts unto ;  
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is for ever sure :  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C. *Version 2.*

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth  
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
 Glad homage pay with hallow'd mirth,  
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
 From whom both we and all proceed ;  
 We whom he chooses for his own,  
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. *Version 3.*

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men :  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :—  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command !  
Vast as eternity thy love !  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.



## PSALM CI.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
And pay to God my vows;  
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,  
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy servant wise;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong  
By falsehood or by force,  
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy;  
These are the friends that I will trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that meditates deceit  
I'll not endure a night:  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee:  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling meet for thee.

## PSALM CII.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,  
But answer, lest I die:  
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,  
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air :  
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.

3 So walks the pelican distress,  
The bird of night so shrieks ;  
So the sad sparrow, from his nest,  
His lost companion seeks.

4 Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel thy frown ;  
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,  
'Thy hand hath cast me down.

5 I like a wither'd leaf appear ;  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,  
That vanish into night.

6 But thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God ;  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy works abroad.

7 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,  
That long expected day.

8 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,  
And by mysterious ways  
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,  
And fills their tongues with praise.

## PART II.

- 9 Let *Zion* and her sons rejoice,  
Behold the promis'd hour :  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
- 10 Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes :  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
- 11 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,  
And stand in glory there ;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.
- 12 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes :  
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.
- 13 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,  
And when his saints complain,  
'Twill ne'er be said, "That praying breath  
" Was ever spent in vain."
- 14 This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record,  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust and praise the Lord.

## PART III.

- 15 It is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;  
Disease and death at his command  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

- 16 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 17 Yet in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;  
“ Our Father and our Saviour live ;  
“ Christ is the same through ev’ry age.”
- 18 ’Twas he this earth’s foundation laid ;  
Heav’n is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade,  
And all be chang’d at his command.
- 19 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments shall be laid aside ;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 20 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais’d again.

PSALM CIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name  
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransom'd from the grave;  
He that redeem'd my soul from hell  
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the suff'ers rest;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by *Moses* known;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

*PART II.*

- 7 My soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 8 God will not always chide;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 9 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 0 His pow'r subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 11 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 12 He knows we are but dust  
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.
- 13 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning-flow'r:  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 14 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure:  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

*PART III.*

- 15 The Lord, the sov'reign King,  
Hath fix'd his throne on high;  
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.
- 16 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

- 17 Let the bright hosts who wait  
The orders of their king,  
And guard his churches when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing.
- 18 While all his wondrous works  
Through his vast kingdom shew  
Their Maker's glory,—thou, my soul,  
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the pow'rs within me join,  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favours claim thy highest praise:  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done:  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels:  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;  
His mercy crowns our growing years:  
He satisfies our mouths with good,  
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.



- 6 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess ;  
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;  
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join  
In work and worship so divine.

## PART II.

- 7 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace :  
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 8 As high as heav'n its arch extends  
Above this little spot of clay ;  
So much his boundless love transcends  
The small respects that we can pay.
- 9 As far as 'tis from *East* to *West*,  
So far has he our sins remov'd ;  
Who with a father's tender breast  
Has such as fear him always lov'd.
- 10 For God, who all our frame surveys,  
Considers that we are but clay ;  
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days  
Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.
- 11 While they are nipt with sudden blasts,  
Nor can we find their former place ;  
God's faithful mercy ever lasts  
To those that fear him, and their race.
- 12 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,  
With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
And in this concert bear thy part.

## PSALM CIV.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;  
When cloth'd in his celestial rays  
He in full majesty appears,  
And like a robe his glory wears.
- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread ;  
'Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;  
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies  
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
His ministers are flaming fires ;  
And swift as thought their armies move,  
To bear his vengeance or his love.

*LAST PART.*

- 4 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord !  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stand,  
Waiting their portion from thy hand.
- 5 While each receives his diff'rent food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good ;  
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,  
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 6 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And dying, to their dust return ;  
Both man and beast their souls resign ;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 7 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the waste of time and death.

- 8 His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honour'd with his own delight ;  
How awful are his glorious ways !  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 9 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke ;  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 10 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet ;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless joy.
- 11 While haughty sinners die accurst,  
Their glory bury'd with their dust,  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

## PSALM CV.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,  
Invoke his sacred name :  
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,  
His wondrous works rehearse :  
Make them the theme of your discourse,  
The subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,  
Alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy  
Who humbly seek the Lord.

- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength  
Devoutly still implore ;  
And where he's ever present, seek  
His face for evermore.
- 5 O let the works his hands have wrought  
Your admiration move ;  
Think on the judgments of his mouth,  
And wonders of his love.
- 6 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind  
For num'rous ages past,  
To num'rous ages yet behind  
In equal force shall last.

## PSALM CVI.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express ?  
Not only vast, but numberless !  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy judgments never stray,  
Who know what's right ; not only so,  
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.

- 5 Oh ! may I worthy prove to see  
 Thy saints in full prosperity !  
 That I the joyful choir may join,  
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

PSALM CVIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent  
 To magnify thy name ;  
 My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,  
 Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute, nor thou, my harp,  
 Thy warbling notes delay :  
 While I, with early hymns of joy,  
 Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
 Thy wonders I will tell,  
 And to those nations sing thy praise  
 That round about us dwell.
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height  
 The highest heav'n transcends ;  
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds  
 Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high  
 Above the starry frame ;  
 And let the world, with one consent,  
 Confess thy glorious name.
- 6 That all thy chosen people thee  
 Their Saviour may declare,  
 Let thy right hand protect me still,  
 And answer thou my pray'r.

PSALM CVIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **O** God, my heart is fix'd, is bent,  
     Its thankful tribute to present ;  
 And with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my glory,—harp and lute  
 No longer let your strings be mute ;  
 And I my tuneful part to take,  
 Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
 To all the list'ning nations round ;  
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,  
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high,  
 And as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth display'd,  
 Till thou art here as there obey'd.

## PSALM CIX.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,  
     Thy glory is my song ;  
 Though sinners speak against thy grace  
     With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
     Thy Son on earth was found,  
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
     They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move.  
     Their peace he still pursu'd ,  
 They render hatred for his love,  
     And evil for his good.



Their malice rag'd without a cause ;  
Yet, with his dying breath,  
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
And bless'd his foes in death.

Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain, before my eyes ?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love mine enemies.

The Lord shall on my side engage,  
And, in my Saviour's name,  
I shall defeat their pride and rage,  
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *Version 1.*

**J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near the Father sit ;  
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,  
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do !  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The num'rous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy sov'reign grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore ;  
“ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
“ When *Aaron* is no more.

“ *Melchisedec*, that wondrous priest,  
“ That king of high degree,  
“ That holy man who *Abr'ham* blest,  
“ Was but a type of thee.”



- 5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives  
 To plead for us above ;  
 Jesus our King for ever gives  
 The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,  
 And his high throne maintain ;  
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,  
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CX. *Version 2*

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake  
 To Christ the Son, " Ascend and sit  
 " At my right hand, till I shall make  
 " Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 " From *Zion* shall thy word proceed ;  
 " Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
 " Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
 " And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 " That day shall shew thy pow'r is great  
 " When saints shall flock with willing minds  
 " And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,  
 " Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !  
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue !  
 And converts who thy grace obey  
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

*PART II.*

- 5 Thus the great Lord of earth and sea  
 Spoke to his Son, and thus he swore ;  
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
 " And change from hand to hand no more.

- 5 “ *Aaron* and all his sons must die,  
 “ But everlasting life is thine,  
 “ To save for ever those that fly  
 “ For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 7 “ By me *Melchisedec* was made  
 “ On earth a king and priest at once ;  
 “ And thou, my heav’nly Priest, shalt plead ;  
 “ And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.”
- 8 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,  
 While counsels of eternal peace,  
 Between the Father and the Son,  
 Proceed with honour and success.
- 9 Thro’ the whole earth his reign shall spread,  
 And crush the pow’rs that dare rebel :  
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,  
 And send the guilty world to hell.
- 10 Though while he treads his glorious way,  
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood,  
 The suff’rings of that dreadful day  
 Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CXI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
 To my almighty God ;  
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
 To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !  
 How glorious in our sight !  
 And men in ev’ry age have sought  
 His wonders with delight.

- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !  
How wise th' eternal mind !  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :  
The orders that his lips pronounce  
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim ;  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill ;  
And he's the wisest of our race  
Who best obeys thy will.

*PART II.*

- 7 Great is the Lord, his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs ;  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.
- 8 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his children food :  
And ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 9 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his cov'nant sure :  
Holy and rev'rend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.

- 0 They that would grow divinely wise,  
Must with his fear begin ;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred zeal inspir'd,  
Shall wake to God the thankful strain,  
In secret with his saints retir'd,  
And 'midst fair *Sion's* crowded fane.
- 2 Great are his works ; with studious aim  
Each faithful heart those works has trac'd ;  
His acts shall highest honour claim,  
His righteousness for ever last.
- 3 His wonders to the grateful sense  
In sweet memorial stand confest :  
For boundless grace his hands dispense,  
And tend'rest pity warms his breast.
- 4 His love, the souls to him ally'd,  
With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,  
Nor suffers from his thoughts to slide  
The promise to his people seal'd.
- 5 Salvation from our God descends ;  
His faith shall *Israel's* bliss ensure :  
Majestic awe his name attends,  
And sanctity from blemish pure.
- 6 His fear th' obedient heart refines,  
And wisdom's path to view displays :  
In brightest beams array'd it shines,  
And prompts each tongue to endless praise.

## PSALM CXII.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred law :  
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;  
 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be  
 An unexhausted treasury,  
 And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,  
 To some he gives, to others lends ;  
 A gen'rous pity fills his mind ;  
 Yet what his charity impairs,  
 He saves by prudence in affairs,  
 And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands while they his alms bestow'd,  
 His glory's future harvests sow'd :—  
 The sweet remembrance of the just,  
 Like a green root revives and bears  
 A train of blessings for his heirs,  
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
 Unmov'd, the just maintains his ground :  
 His conscience holds his courage up :  
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,  
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.
- 5 Ill tidings never can surprise  
 His heart, that fix'd on God relies,  
 Tho' waves and tempests roar around :  
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees  
 The shipwreck of his enemies,  
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,  
And gnash their teeth in agony,  
To find their expectations crost :  
They and their envy, pride, and spite;  
Sink down to everlasting night,  
And all their names in darkness lost.

## PSALM CXIII.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless :  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams, or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway ;  
The regions of eternal day  
But shadows of his glory are :  
With him whose majesty excels,  
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,  
Let no created pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view  
In highest heav'n what angels do,  
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :  
He takes the needy from his cell,  
Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
Companion to the greatest there.

4 When childless families despair,  
He sends the blessing of an heir,  
To rescue their expiring name :  
The mother, with a thankful voice,  
Proclaims his praises and her joys :—  
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.



## PSALM CXV.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due,  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name !  
Why should a *heathen's* haughty tongue  
Insult us, and to raise our shame,  
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne  
Above the clouds beyond the skies ;  
Through all the earth his will is done,  
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood ;  
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
A silver *saint*, or golden god.
- 5 With eyes and ears, they carve their head,  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;  
In vain are costly off'rings made,  
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;  
Mortals that pay them fear or love,  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.
- 7 O *Israel*, make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;  
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.



- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,  
They dwell in silence and the grave ;  
But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

## PSALM CXVI.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,  
And pity'd ev'ry groan ;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away :  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead :  
While inward pangs and fears of hell  
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 “ My God, (I cry'd) thy servant save,  
“ Thou ever good and just ;  
“ Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave ;  
“ Thy pow'r is all my trust.”
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress :  
He bids my pains remove :  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
And dry'd my falling tears :  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

## PART II.

- 7 What shall I render, O my God,  
 For all thy kindness shown ?  
 My feet shall visit thy abode,  
 My songs address thy throne.
- 8 Among the saints that fill thine house  
 My off'rings shall be paid ;  
 There shall my zeal perform the vows  
 My soul in anguish made.
- 9 How much is mercy thy delight,  
 Thou ever-blessed God !  
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
 How precious is their blood !
- 10 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 11 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move ;  
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
- 12 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;  
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,  
 Shall sound through distant lands :  
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;  
 Thy truth for ever stands

- 2 Far be thine honour spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and ev'ning shade  
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord with hallow'd mirth,  
Ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue ;  
Christians, militant on earth,  
Let your Saviour's praise be sung.
- 2 See his mercy o'er our land  
Spread its ever-healing wing ;  
And his truth through ages stand ;  
Praise, O praise, th' eternal King.

PSALM CXVII. *Version 3.*

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise :  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone  
The builders did refuse ;  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious *Jews*.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son ;  
Yet, on this rock shall *Zion* rest,  
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes ;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 *Hosannah* to the King  
Of *David's* royal blood ;  
Bless him, ye saints : he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,  
Which all this grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,  
Nor is my faith afraid  
Of what the sons of earth can do,  
Since heav'n affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,  
And have my God my friend,  
Than trust in men of high degree,  
And on their truth depend.

Like bees my foes beset me round,  
A large and angry swarm ;  
But I shall all their rage confound,  
By thine almighty arm.

'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,  
In him my lips rejoice ;  
While his salvation is my song,  
How cheerful is my voice !

Like angry bees they girt me round ;  
When God appears they fly ;  
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,  
Make a fierce blaze and die.

Joy to the saints and peace belongs ;  
The Lord protects their days :  
Let *Israel* tune immortal songs  
To his almighty grace.

### PART II.

Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry,  
And rescu'd from the grave ;  
Now shall he live : (and none can die,  
If God resolve to save.)

Thy praise, more constant than before,  
Shall fill his daily breath ;  
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,  
Defends him still from death.

Open the gates of *Zion* now,  
For we shall worship there,  
The house where all the righteous go,  
Thy mercy to declare.

- 10 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,  
Our thankful voice we raise ;  
There we have told thee our complaints,  
And there we speak thy praise.

*PART III.*

- 11 Behold the sure foundation-stone  
Which God in *Zion* lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.
- 12 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore the name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 13 The foolish builders, *Scribe* and *Priest*,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 14 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise ;  
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

*PART IV.*

- 15 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 16 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And *Satan's* empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

- 7 *Hosannah* to th' anointed King,  
 To *David's* holy Son !  
 Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 8 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
 With messages of grace :  
 Who comes in God his father's name,  
 To save our sinful race.
- 9 *Hosannah* in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise !  
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Version 3.*

- 1 **L**IFT your voice, and thankful sing  
 Praises to your heav'nly King ;  
 For his mercies far extend,  
 And his bounty knows no end.  
*Israel*, thy Creator bless,  
 And with joyful tongue confess  
 That his mercies far extend,  
 And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 He my strength, and He my song,  
 Lo ! my days I yet prolong,  
 And each hostile force o'erthrown,  
 Him my great salvation own :  
 Shouts of health, and hymns of praise  
 Wisdom's faithful follow'rs raise,—  
 “ O how strong the hand divine !  
 “ O what wonders, Lord, are thine !



- 3 Ope the gates of righteousness,  
Let me, favour'd with access,  
Bless my great Deliv'rer's name,  
And his boundless love proclaim :—  
Thee the God enthron'd above,  
Thee my lips shall sing, whose love  
To my voice attention gave,  
Swift to hear, and strong to save.
- 4 See the stone, that, cast aside  
By the builders' erring pride ;  
In the dome assumes its place,  
Own'd the angle's noblest grace ;  
Thou the work, great God, hast wrought  
In its scenes our wond'ring thought  
Joys thy clemency to trace,  
Seal'd to *Jacob's* favour'd race.
- 5 Save, O save, eternal Lord,  
Now thy prosp'ring aid afford ;  
Let thy fav'ring beams arise  
To thy people's longing eyes :—  
Lift your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King ;  
For his mercies far extend,  
And his bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXVIII    *Version 4.*

**L**O! what a glorious corner-stone  
The *Jewish* builders did refuse ;  
But God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envy and the *Jews*.

- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;  
This is the day that proves it thine,  
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad ;  
*Hosannah !* let his name be blest ;  
A thousand honours on his head,  
With peace, and light, and glory rest.
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring  
Salvation to our dying race ;  
Let the whole church address their King  
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

## PSALM CXIX.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honour all thy name.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate;  
The proud shall die accurst;  
The sons of falsehood and deceit  
Are trodden to the dust.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are :  
And those who leave thy ways  
Shall see salvation from afar  
But never taste thy grace.

### *PART II.*

1 To thee before the dawning light,  
My gracious God, I pray ;  
I meditate thy name by night,  
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,  
Thy promise bears me up ;  
And while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Sev'n times a day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee ;  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind ;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

### *PART III.*

1 Thou art my portion, O my God !  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes:  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways:  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord;  
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,  
My hope is in thy word.
- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil:  
And thus, till mortal life shall end,  
Would I perform thy will.

*PART IV.*

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.

- 3 'Tis like the *sun*, a heav'nly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A *lamp* to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey ;  
The earth maintains her place ;  
And these thy servants, night and day,  
Thy skill and pow'r express.
- 5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine :  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is ev'ry page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

*PART V.*

- 1 O how I love thy holy law ;  
'Tis daily my delight ;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate thy word :  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage .  
How well employ my tongue !  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heav'nly song.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
Not honey dropping from the comb,  
So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refin'd,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

*PART VI.*

- 1 Lord, I esteem thy judgments right,  
And all thy statutes just ;  
'Thence I maintain a constant fight  
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.
- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;  
I keep thy law in sight  
Through all the business of the day,  
To form my actions right.
- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries  
" How sweet thy comforts be !"  
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
And bring their thanks to thee.
- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine,  
Not mighty men that share the spoil  
Have joys compar'd to mine.

*PART VII.*

- 1 I've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
And can no farther go.
- 2 Yet men would fain be just with God,  
By works their hands have wrought ;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 3 In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our frame ;  
And sinks our virtues down so far,  
They scarce deserve the name.
- 4 Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Fall far below thy word ;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

*PART VIII.*

- 1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage ;  
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise ;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.



The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

*PART IX.*

Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
How good thy works appear !  
Open my eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.

2 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid ;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.

3 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,  
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;  
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

4 This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief ;  
It made me learn thy word the more,  
And fly to that relief.

5 In vain the proud deride me now ;  
I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
Nor let that blessed gospel go,  
Whence all my hopes I draw.

6 When I have learn'd my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways ;  
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

*PART X.*

- 1 Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy fear ;  
Remember and confirm thy word,  
For all my hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,  
And promis'd quick'ning grace ?  
Doth not my heart address thy throne ?  
And yet thy love delays.
- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail ;  
O bear thy servant up ;  
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,  
Who dare reproach my hope.
- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord,  
Then let thy truth appear :  
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

*PART XI.*

- 1 O that the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

### *PART XII.*

My God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause ;  
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach  
Which I so justly fear ;  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Nor let my shame appear.

Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress ;  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shinings of thy face.

My eyes with expectation fail,  
My heart within me cries,  
“ When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
“ And make my comforts rise ? ”

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord.  
And shew thy grace the same  
As thou art ever wont t' afford  
To those that love thy name.

*PART XIII.*

- 1 With my whole heart I've sought thy face,  
O let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace,  
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,  
To keep my conscience clean ;  
And be an everlasting guard  
From ev'ry rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints  
Who fear and love the Lord ;  
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
When men transgress thy word.
- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,  
My spirit stands in awe ;  
My soul abhors a lying tongue,  
But loves thy righteous law.
- 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears  
The threat'nings of thy word :  
My flesh with holy trembling fears  
The judgments of the Lord.
- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still ;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

*PART XIV.*

Consider all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliv'rance send;  
My soul for thy salvation faints;  
When will my troubles end?

Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's rod:  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.

This is the comfort I enjoy  
When new distress begins;  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins.

Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk amongst the dead.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe:  
The sharpest suff'rings I endure  
Flow from thy faithful care.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,  
My feet were apt to stray;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

*PART XV.*

O that thy statutes ev'ry hour  
Might dwell upon my mind!  
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And daily peace I find.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
If thou my heart discharge  
From sin and *Satan's* hateful chains,  
And set my feet at large !
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare .  
Thy statutes and thy name ;  
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,  
Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise  
To rob me of my right ;  
Let pride and malice forge their lies,  
Thy law is my delight.
- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
Whose hands and hearts are ill :  
I love my God, I love his ways,  
And must obey his will.

### PART XVI.

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust ;  
Lord, give me life divine !  
From vain desires and ev'ry lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Thy word that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,  
And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heav'nly road ?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face ?  
And yet how slow my spirits move,  
Without enliv'ning grace !

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r  
To draw me near the Lord.

• *PART XVII.*

Blest be thy name, eternal Lord !  
O write within my mind thy word !  
Let me, instructed in thy way,  
The wonders of thy grace survey.

7 What streams of purest knowledge yield,  
Thy words in full display reveal'd !  
By these the souls, untaught before,  
To heights of heav'nly science soar.

8 With sacred thirst my bosom burn'd;  
To thee my op'ning mouth I turn'd,  
And from thy precept wise and true  
Its life-imparting spirit drew.



- 4 How had I perish'd 'midst my woes,  
But that within my bosom rose  
The joys which thy instruction yield,  
And each invading grief dispell'd !
- 5 O let my soul, to life restor'd,  
Thy love in lasting hymns record ;  
While o'er my head its beams shall shine,  
And make thy great salvation mine.

*PART XVIII.*

- 1 My heart's best portion, Lord, art thou ;  
To thee my thoughts obedience vow ;  
Thy faithful hand each woe I feel  
Inflicts,—and wounds me but to heal.
- 2 Low in the dust my soul is laid,  
O reach me, Lord, thy promis'd aid ;  
Let thy good spirit to my heart  
His life-sustaining pow'r impart.
- 3 Behold me, absent from my home,  
Through life's wild maze a pilgrim roam :  
Friend of the helpless ! near me stand,  
And save me from th' oppressor's hand.
- 4 Ere yet the dawn has streak'd the sky,  
God of my strength, to thee I cry ;  
Let thy compassion, while I pray,  
My night illumine, guide my day.
- 5 Thy counsels on my thought imprest,  
Shall sooth to peace my troubled breast ;  
These, Lord, I'll keep, and fix'd, decree  
To shun each path that leads from thee.

*PART XIX.*

Safe on thy word my trust I build,  
O thou my Refuge, and my Shield :  
My hope (nor shall that hope be vain)  
Thy sacred promises sustain.

2 These, my best wealth, my treasur'd store,  
I keep, and view them o'er and o'er :  
These heav'n-ward lift my thoughtful soul  
When night's dark shades invest the pole.

3 My hands on thy commands shall wait,  
On thy pure words I'll meditate,  
Which sweeter on my palate dwell  
Than honey dropping from its cell.

4 Long as within this house of clay  
My state of pilgrimage I stay,  
Thy statutes are my song ;—thy name  
Wakes in my breast the holy flame.

5 O turn from vanity mine eye,  
To me thy quick'ning strength supply ;  
Redeem from error's growth my mind,  
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

*PART XX.*

1 Father, I bless thy gentle hand ;  
How kind was thy chastising rod  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;  
I left my guide, and lost my way,  
But now I love and keep thy word.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.
- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the *South*,  
Or *Western* hills of golden ore.
- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;  
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.
- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord  
At my salvation shall rejoice ;  
For I have hoped in thy word,  
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXXI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **L**O! from the hills my help descends ;  
To them I lift mine eyes :  
My strength on him alone depends  
Who form'd the earth and skies.
- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Forbids thy feet to slide ;  
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye  
Of *Israel's* guard and guide.
- 3 He, at thy hand, array'd in might,  
His shield shall o'er thee spread :  
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,  
Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

- 4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,  
While he thy life defends ;  
Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,  
Whose mercy never ends.

PSALM CXXI. *Version 2.*

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heav'ns with all their host he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
His morning-smiles bless all the day :  
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while *Israel* sleeps.
- 4 *Israel*, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,  
Shall blast thy couch ;—no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord :—his heav'nly care  
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

PSALM CXXI. *Version 3.*

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;  
     From God is all my aid ;  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made :  
     God is the tow'r  
     To which I fly :  
     His grace is nigh  
     In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
     Or fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears :  
     Those wakeful eyes  
     That never sleep,  
     Shall *Israel* keep,  
     When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
     Nor blasts of ev'ning air,  
 Shall take my health away,  
 If God be with me there :  
     Thou art my sun,  
     And thou my shade,  
     To guard my head  
     By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
     To save my soul from death ?  
     And I can trust my Lord  
     To keep my mortal breath :

I'll go and come,  
 Nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high  
 Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 " In *Zion* let us all appear,  
 " And keep the solemn day ! "
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;  
 The church, adorn'd with grace,  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown  
 The holy tribes repair ;  
 The Son of *David* holds his throne,  
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,  
 And while his awful voice  
 Divides the sinners from the saints,  
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest !  
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace  
 Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,  
 While life or breath remains ;  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns.



PSALM CXXII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I  
To hear the people cry,  
"Come, let us seek our God to day."  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to *Zion's* hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 *Zion*, thrice happy place,  
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round  
In thee our tribes appear  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There *David's* greater son  
Hath fix'd his royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgment there ;  
He bids the saint be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait  
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest !  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
"Peace to this sacred house ;"  
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.



## PSALM CXXIII.

1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign,  
 Enthron'd above the skies,  
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
 To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,  
 And fear the angry stroke,  
 Or maids before their mistress stand,  
 And wait a peaceful look :

3 So for our sins we justly feel  
 Thy discipline, O God ;  
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,  
 Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,  
 Our daily groans deride ;  
 And thy delays of mercy give  
 Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope  
 In thy compassion lies :  
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
*That God will not despise.*

## PSALM CXXIV.

1 **H**AD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,  
 Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,  
 When men, to make our lives a prey,  
 Rose like the swelling of the tide :

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,  
 So fiercely did the waters roll ;  
 We had been swallow'd deep in death ;  
 Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke :  
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,  
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,  
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,  
And made our lives and souls his care !
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
Who form'd the earth and built the skies :  
He who upholds that wondrous frame,  
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. *Version 1.*

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they  
That rest their souls on God ;  
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What though the Father's rod  
Drop a chastising stroke ?  
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,  
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those  
Whose faith and pious fear,  
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
Too long oppress the saint ;  
The God of *Israel* will support  
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear  
Will choose the road to hell,  
We must expect our portion there,  
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXV. *Version 2.*

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest  
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old *Salem's* happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love  
That ev'ry saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge  
To drive them near to God,  
Divine compassion does allay  
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of *Paradise*,  
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways  
That the old serpent drew,  
The wrath that drove him first to hell  
Shall smite his follow'rs too.

PSALM CXXVI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Sion's* God her sons recall'd  
From long captivity,  
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream  
Of what we wish'd to see.
- 2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth  
We did our voice employ,  
And sung our great Restorer's praise,  
In thankful hymns of joy.
- 3 Our *heathen* foes repining stood,  
Yet were compell'd to own,  
That great and wondrous was the work  
Our God for us had done.
- 4 'Twas great, said they, 'twas wondrous great;  
Much more should we confess;  
The Lord has done great things, whereof  
We reap the glad success.
- 5 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,  
Of *Israel's* captive bands;  
More welcome than refreshing show'rs  
To parch'd and thirsty lands.
- 6 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,  
May see our labours thrive,  
Till finish'd with success, to make  
Our drooping hearts revive.
- 7 Though he desponds that sows his grain,  
Yet doubtless he shall come  
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring  
The joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,  
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;  
The grace beyond our hopes so great,  
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays  
Unwilling honours to thy name;  
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,  
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;  
With God we left our flowing tears,  
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man, that in his furrow'd field  
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,  
Will shout to see the harvest yield  
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

## PSALM CXXVII.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,  
The builders work in vain;  
And towns, without his wakeful eye,  
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Why rise ye early, late take rest,  
And eat the bread of care?  
The balm of sleep (his gift confest)  
His children richly share.
- 3 Know too thy sons that round thee stand,  
A gift by him prepar'd:  
Nor arrows in the giant's hand  
Can yield so sure a guard.

- 4 Blest who his quiver stores with these :  
 When hostile bands are near  
 His gate, the storm approaching sees,  
 Yet sees without a fear.

## PSALM CXXVIII.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd  
 With zeal and rev'rent awe :  
 His lips to God their honours yield,  
 His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand,  
 And ever guard thy head ;  
 Shall on the labours of thy hand  
 Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;  
 Thy children round thy board,  
 Each like a plant of honour shine,  
 And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,  
 For months and years to come ;  
 The Lord who dwells on *Zion's* hill  
 Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes  
 Shall see his house increase ;  
 Shall see the sinking church arise,  
 Then leave the world in peace.

## PSALM CXXIX.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may *Israel* say,  
 Have I been nurs'd in tears ;  
 My griefs were constant as the day,  
 And tedious as the years.



- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage  
Of all the sons of strife ;  
Oft they assail'd my riper age,  
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh  
With furrows long and deep ;  
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,  
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,  
And with impartial eye  
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,  
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 Thus shall the men who hate the saints  
Be blasted from the sky ;  
Their glory fades, their courage faints,  
And all their projects die.
- 6 What though they flourish tall and fair,  
They have no root beneath ;  
Their growth shall perish in despair,  
And lie despis'd in death.
- 7 So corn, that on the house-top stands,  
No hope of harvest gives ;  
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,  
Nor binder fold the sheaves.
- 8 It springs and withers on the place ;  
No traveller bestows  
A word of blessing on the grass,  
Nor minds it as he goes.



PSALM CXXX. *Version 1.*

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe  
 To God I sent my cry,  
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
 And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,  
 Who can the trial bear?  
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
 And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits  
 For thee the living Lord :  
 My hopes are on thy promise built,  
 Thy never-failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out  
 For thy enliv'ning ray ;  
 More duly than the morning-watch  
 To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let *Israel* trust in God,  
 No bounds his mercy knows,  
 The plenteous source and spring from whence  
 Eternal succour flows.
- 6 Whose friendly streams to us  
 Supplies in want convey ;  
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
 And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXX. *Version 2.*

- 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,  
 The borders of despair,  
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
 My groans to move thine ear.

- 2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree ;  
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,  
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait ;  
My soul, invited by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light  
And meet them with their eyes :
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace ;  
And more intent than they,  
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.
- 7 Then in the Lord let *Israel* trust,  
Let *Israel* seek his face ;  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous in his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne,  
For sinners long enslav'd :  
The great Redeemer is his Son,  
And *Israel* shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXXI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?  
     Search, gracious God, and see :  
     Or do I act a haughty part ?  
     Lord, I appeal to thee !
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
     And all my carriage mild ;  
     Content, my Father, with thy will,  
     And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
     Shall have a large reward :  
     Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,  
     And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **I**S there in me a lofty heart ?  
     Meek Saviour, thou thy grace impart ;  
     Let no vain pomp attract my view,  
     Nor honour's prize my thoughts pursue.
- 2 Create in me affections mild,  
     And form me humble as the child,  
     That meek and silent sinks to rest,  
     Wean'd from the tender parent's breast.
- 3 O, kinder than that parent, see  
     Thy Maker, *Israel*, cherish thee :  
     To latest times on him depend,  
     Thy guide, thy guardian, and thy friend.

PSALM CXXXII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,  
     And enter to thy rest !  
     Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
     Thus to be own'd and blest.

- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the son of *David* reign ;  
Let God's anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXII. *Version 2.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, with willing feet,  
The mansion of thy presence greet,  
Each heart inflam'd with grateful zeal,  
And prostrate at thy footstool kneel.
- 2 Rise, *Israel's* Father, God and Friend,  
Pleas'd to thy place of rest ascend ;  
Thou and thine Ark,—tremendous shrine  
Of majesty and pow'r divine !
- 3 While righteousness thy priests arrays,  
O let thy saints their thankful lays  
Prolong ;—and in their Saviour's name  
His purchas'd favours humbly claim.



## PART II.

- 4 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill  
Of *Zion* for his ancient rest ;  
And *Zion* is his dwelling still,  
His church is with his presence blest.
- 5 “ Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
“ And reign for ever, (saith the Lord :)  
“ Here shall my pow’r and love be known,  
“ And blessings shall attend my word.
- 6 “ Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
“ And fill their souls with living bread :  
“ Sinners that wait before my door,  
“ With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 7 “ Girded with truth and cloth’d with grace,  
“ My priests, my ministers shall shine ;  
“ Not *Aaron* in his costly dress  
“ Made an appearance so divine.
- 8 “ The saints, unable to contain  
“ Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;  
“ The son of *David* here shall reign,  
“ And *Zion* triumph in her King.
- 9 “ Jesus shall see a num’rous seed  
“ Born here t’ uphold his glorious name ;  
“ His crown shall flourish on his head,  
“ While all his foes are cloth’d with shame.”

## PSALM CXXXIII. Version 1.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight  
Are brethren that agree,  
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite  
In bands of piety !

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring  
 Descend to ev'ry soul ;  
 And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,  
 Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet  
 On *Aaron's* rev'rend head ;  
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
 And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew  
 That fall on *Sion's* hill,  
 Where God his mildest glory shews,  
 And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. *Version 2*

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
 Kindred and friends agree,  
 Each in his proper station move ;  
 And each fulfil his part,  
 With sympathizing heart,  
 In all the cares of life and love !

2 'Tis like the ointment shed  
 On *Aaron's* sacred head,  
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;  
 The oil through all the room  
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,  
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain  
 That water all the plain,  
 Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;  
 Such streams of pleasure roll  
 Through ev'ry friendly soul,  
 Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

## PSALM CXXXIV.

- 1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,  
 Attend his holy place ;  
 Bow to the glories of his pow'r,  
 And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,  
 And send your souls on high ;  
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night  
 Above the starry sky.
- 3 'The God of *Zion* cheers our hearts,  
 With rays of quick'ning grace ;  
 The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,  
 And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. *Version 1.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,  
 Your sweetest passions raise ;  
 Your pious pleasures, while you sing,  
 Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown  
 Are his divine employ ;  
 But still his saints are near his throne,  
 His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand,  
 He bids the vapours rise ;  
 Lightning and storm at his command  
 Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd  
 Is found with him alone :  
 But *heathen* gods should ne'er be nam'd,  
 Where our *Jehovah's* known.



- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust  
Can give them show'rs of rain ?  
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,  
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 O *Britain*, know the living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear ;  
He makes thy churches his abode,  
And claims thine honours there.

PSALM CXXXV. *Version 2.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,  
While in his holy courts ye wait ;  
Ye saints that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good :  
To praise his name is sweet employ ;  
*Israel* he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;  
He treats his servants as his friends ;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares  
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod :  
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
And will be known, th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love ;  
People and priests exalt his name :  
Among his saints he ever dwells ;  
His church is his *Jerusalem*.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version 1.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God the sov'reign Lord ;  
*His mercies still endure !*  
 And be the King of Kings ador'd :  
*His truth is ever sure.*
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !  
*How mighty is his hand !*  
 Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone :  
*How wide is his command !*
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light :  
*How bright his counsels shine !*  
 The moon and stars adorn the night :  
*His works are all divine !*
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin ;  
*He felt his pity move :*  
 How sad the state the world was in !  
*How boundless was his love !*
- 5 He sent to save us from our woe ;  
*His goodness never fails ;*  
 From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ;  
*And still his grace prevails.*
- 6 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King ;  
*His mercies still endure !*  
 Let the whole earth his praises sing ;  
*His truth is ever sure.*

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version 2.*

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,*  
*Repeat his mercies in your song.*

- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown,  
The King of Kings with glory crown :  
*His mercies ever shall endure,*  
*When lords and kings are known no more.*
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,*  
*Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
*His mercies ever shall endure,*  
*When suns and moons shall shine no more.*
- 5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,  
And brought them to the promis'd land :  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,*  
*Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 6 He saw the *Gentiles* dead in sin,  
And felt his pity work within :  
*His mercies ever shall endure,*  
*When death and sin shall reign no more.*
- 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt and darkness, and the grave :  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,*  
*Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :  
*His mercies ever shall endure,*  
*When this vain world shall be no more.*

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version 3.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord ;  
 The sov'reign King of Kings,  
 And be his grace ador'd.

*His pow'r and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.*

- 2 How mighty is his hand !  
 What wonders hath he done !  
 He form'd the earth and seas,  
 And spread the heav'ns alone.

*Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy word.*

- 3 His wisdom form'd the sun,  
 To crown the day with light ;  
 The moon and twinkling stars,  
 To cheer the darksome night.

*His pow'r and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.*

- 4 He saw the nations lie  
 All perishing in sin,  
 And pity'd the sad state  
 The ruin'd world was in.

*Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.*

- 5 He sent his only Son,  
To save us from our woe ;  
From Satan, sin, and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

*His pow'r and grace  
Are still the same ;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.*

- 6 Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heav'nly King ;  
And let the spacious earth  
His works and glories sing.

*Thy mercy, Lord;  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.*

## PSALM CXXXVII.

- 1 **W**HEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud *Euphrates'* stream,  
We wept with doleful thoughts opprest,  
And *Sion* was our mournful theme.

- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,  
Were wont their tuneful part to bear,  
With silent strings neglected hung  
On willow trees that wither'd there.

- 3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd  
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,  
Music and mirth of us requir'd,  
“Come, sing us one of *Sion's* songs.”
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing?  
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?  
Shall hymns of joy to God our King  
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 5 O *Salem*, our once happy seat,  
When I of thee forgetful prove,  
Let then my trembling hand forget  
The speaking strings with art to move.
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,  
Eternal silence seize my tongue;  
Or if I sing one cheerful air,  
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Version 1.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King  
Thy praise I will proclaim;  
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,  
And bless thy holy name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,  
And with thy love inspir'd,  
The praises of thy truth repeat,  
O'er all thy works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,  
When I to thee did cry;  
And when my soul was press'd with fear,  
Didst inward strength supply.



For God, although enthron'd on high,  
Does thence the poor respect :  
The proud far off, his scornful eye  
Beholds with just neglect.

Though I with troubles am oppress'd,  
He shall my foes disarm,  
Relieve my soul, when most distress'd,  
And keep me safe from harm.

The Lord, whose mercies ever last,  
Shall fix my happy state ;  
And, mindful of his favours past,  
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Version 2.*

**W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

Angels that make thy church their care  
Shall witness my devotions there,  
While holy zeal directs my eyes  
To thy fair temple in the skies.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all thy works and names below  
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

To God I cry'd when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes :  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,  
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;  
But from his throne descends to see  
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows, or from sins:  
The work that wisdom undertakes  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Version 1.*

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest;  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

*PART II.*

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
To 'scape the wrath divine;  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
- 8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,  
I fly beyond the *West*;  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
The curtains of the night;  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hours,  
Are both alike to thee:  
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r  
From which I cannot flee!

*PART III.*

- 1 When I with pleasing wonder stand,  
And all my frame survey,  
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand  
Thus built my humble clay.

- 12 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,  
Where unborn nature grew ;  
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.
- 13 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd  
The growth of ev'ry part,  
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid  
Was copied by thine art.
- 14 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire and wind,  
Shew me thy wondrous skill ;  
But I review myself, and find  
Diviner wonders still.
- 15 Thine awful glories round me shine,  
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;  
Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace.

*PART IV.*

- 16 Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
They strike me with surprise ;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.
- 17 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
The product of thy skill ;  
And hourly blessings from thy hands  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 18 These on my heart by night I keep ;  
How kind, how dear to me !  
O may the hour that ends my sleep  
Still find my thoughts with thee !

PSALM CXXXIX. *Version 2.*

**L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro',  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart, and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand;  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge! vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

*O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

*PART II.*

Could I so false, so faithless prove  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;  
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
And *Satan* groans beneath thy chains.

- 7 If mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the *Western* sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 8 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 9 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

## PART III.

- 10 'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came ;  
A work of such a curious frame ;  
In me thy fearful wonders shine,  
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 11 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,  
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 12 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,  
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,  
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)  
Was copy'd with unerring art.



- 13 To shew th' almighty Maker's name,  
God stamp'd his image on my frame,  
And by his wondrous counsel join'd  
The finish'd members to the mind.
- 14 There the young seeds of thought began,  
And all the passions of the man :  
Great God, our infant nature pays  
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

*PART IV.*

- 15 Lord, since in my advancing age  
I've acted on life's busy stage,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 16 I could survey the ocean o'er,  
And count each sand that makes the shore,  
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace  
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
- 17 These on my heart are still imprest,  
With these I give my eyes to rest ;  
And at my waking hour I find  
God and his love possess my mind.

*PART V.*

- 18 My God, what inward grief I feel,  
When impious men transgress thy will !  
I mourn to hear their lips profane  
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 19 Does not my soul detest and hate  
The sons of malice and deceit ?  
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,  
I count them enemies to me.

- 20 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;  
 Though my own heart accuse me not  
 Of walking in a false disguise,  
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 21 Doth secret mischief lurk within?  
 Do I indulge some unknown sin?  
 O turn my feet whene'er I stray,  
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

## PSALM CXLI.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,  
 Like morning incense in thine house;  
 And let my nightly worship rise  
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord!  
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word;  
 Nor let my feet incline to tread  
 The guilty paths where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,  
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!  
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,  
 I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;  
 And by my warm petitions prove  
 How much I prize their faithful love.

## PSALM CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
 From God I sought relief;  
 In long complaints before his throne  
 I pour'd out all my grief.

- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,  
My heart began to break ;  
My God, who all my burdens knows,  
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone ;  
While friends and strangers pass'd me by  
Neglected, or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And call'd thy mercies near ;  
“ Thou art my portion when I die,  
“ Be thou my Refuge here.”
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes who vex me know  
I've an almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name ;  
And holy men shall join with me,  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

## PSALM CXLIII.

**H**EAR, gracious Lord, my fervent pray'r,  
Indulge my humble cry :  
Thy truth and righteousness declare,  
And save me from on high.

Remit my guilt, nor call me forth  
In judgment to appear ;  
Since none of all the tribes on earth  
Can in thy sight be clear.

- 3 The hand of unrelenting pow'r  
My happiness invades :  
As men that long have been no more,  
I grovel in the shades.
- 4 Hence potent grief and gloomy care  
My inward peace destroy :  
The black intrusions of despair  
Cloud ev'ry glimpse of joy.
- 5 Yet from the scenes of past distress  
Some comforts I derive :  
The ancient wonders of thy grace  
My dying hopes revive.
- 6 To thee I stretch my hands abroad,  
And raise my mental pow'rs ;  
So thirsts the dry and parched clod  
For the refreshing show'rs.
- 7 Hear, O my God, be quick to save ;  
My vital strength decays :  
Thine absence brings me near the grave,  
While grief consumes my days.
- 8 When balmy sleep forsakes my head,  
Thy gracious aid impart ;  
Describe the path I ought to tread,  
And fix it in my heart.

## PSALM CXLIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my Shield :  
He sends his Spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine  
Does my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

### *PART II.*

4 Lord, what is man, poor feeble man,  
Born of the earth at first !  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hasting to the dust.

5 O what is feeble, dying man,  
Or any of his race,  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace !

6 That God who darts his lightnings down,  
Who shakes the worlds above,  
And mountains tremble at his frown,  
How wondrous is his love !

### *PART III.*

7 Happy the city, where their sons  
Like pillars round a palace set,  
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,  
Give strength and beauty to the state.

8 Happy the country where the sheep,  
Cattle and corn have large increase ;  
Where men securely work or sleep,  
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

- 9 Happy the nation thus endow'd,  
But more divinely bless'd are those  
On whom the all-sufficient God  
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM CXLV. *Version 1.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God of love ;  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,  
And let his praise be great :  
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways ;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds, of ancient date,  
Shall through the world be known ;  
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,  
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.



*PART II.*

- 7 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King !  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 8 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 9 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food ;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 10 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 11 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;  
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

*PART III.*

- 12 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all :  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 13 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distrest,  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

- 14 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
And guides our giddy youth :  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.
- 15 He knows the pains his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry ;  
And their best wishes to fulfil  
His grace is ever nigh.
- 16 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere ;  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 17 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad :  
Let all the sons of *Adam* raise  
The honours of their God.

PSALM CXLV. *Version 2.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;  
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine ;  
Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise ;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM CXLVI. *Version 1.*

**O** PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,  
For ever bless his name ;  
His wondrous love, while life shall last,  
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,  
Let none for aid rely ;  
They cannot save in dang'rous times,  
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,  
And there neglected lie ;  
And all their thoughts and vain designs  
Together with them die.

Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God  
For his protector takes :  
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord  
His constant refuge makes.

- 5 The Lord who made both heav'n and earth,  
And all that they contain,  
Will never quit his steadfast truth,  
Nor make his promise vain.
- 6 The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs  
Are eas'd by his decree ;  
He gives the hungry needful food,  
And sets the pris'ners free.
- 7 The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,  
Is our eternal King :  
From age to age his reign endures,  
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVI. *Version 2.*

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust :  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour ;  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On *Israel's* God :—he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

## PART II.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

He loves his saints : he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell ;

Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns :  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
In this exalted work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## PSALM CXLVII.

**W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high :  
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky :  
He sends his show'rs of blessings down  
To cheer the plains below,  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the ravens cry ;  
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should raise his honours high.

His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year ;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground ;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound :  
When from his dreadful stores on high  
He pours the rattling hail,  
The wretch that dares his God defy  
Shall find his courage fail.
- 4 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn ;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return :  
The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word ;  
With songs and honours sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

## PSALM CXLIX.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,  
And let your songs be new ;  
Amidst the church with cheerful voice  
His later wonders shew.  
The *Jews*, the people of his grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing ;  
And *Gentile* nations join the praise,  
While *Zion* own her King.



- 2 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
 Whom sinners treat with scorn :  
 The meek that lie despis'd in dust  
 Salvation shall adorn.  
 Saints should be joyful in their King,  
 Ev'n on a dying bed ;  
 And like the souls in glory sing,  
 For God shall raise the dead.
- 3 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,  
 Their hands shall wield the sword ;  
 And vengeance shall attend their songs,  
 The vengeance of the Lord.  
 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,  
 And bids the world appear,  
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends  
 Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 4 Then shall they rule with iron rod  
 Nations that dar'd rebel :  
 And join the sentence of their God,  
 On tyrants doom'd to hell.  
 The royal sinners, bound in chains,  
 New triumphs shall afford :  
 Such honour for the saints remains :  
 Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. *Version 1.*

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 His grace he there reveals ;  
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there his glory dwells.

- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
While you rehearse his deeds ;  
But the great work of saving love  
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
Yet when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

PSALM CL. *Version 2.*

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
Yet will deign to dwell below ;  
Praise the holy God of love,  
Thankful all his greatness show :  
Praise him for his noble deeds,  
Praise him for his matchless pow'r ;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
All in heav'n and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around  
Great Jehovah's glorious name ;  
Let the trumpet's joyful sound  
Him the Lord of hosts proclaim :  
Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,  
All the reach of heav'nly art,  
All the pow'rs of music bring,  
Sweetest music of the heart.
- 3 Him in whom they move and live,  
Let the race of creatures sing,  
Glory to their Maker give,  
Humblest homage to their King :

Hallow'd be his name beneath ;  
 As in heav'n, on earth ador'd,  
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath ;  
 Ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

PSALM CL. *Version 3.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord in that blest place  
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;  
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face  
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts  
 Which he on our behalf has done ;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,  
 The breath he does to them afford,  
 In just return of praise employ ;  
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

PSALM CL. *Version 4.*

- 1 **H**OSANNAH ! praise the Lord, and bless  
 According to his holiness,  
 And let your praises tow'r ;  
 O praise him in sublimest strains,  
 Where in the firmament he reigns  
 Of his exalted pow'r.
- 2 The works of his almighty hand,  
 Which on eternal record stand,  
 With thankful hymns review ;  
 On his majestic glory dwell,  
 Whose rays all excellence excel,  
 And give the praises due.

- 3 Let all things that have life and breath,  
 In heav'n above, in earth beneath,  
 To Christ their tribute bring :  
 O praise him ! for to him belongs  
 The breath which modulates your songs,—  
 The heart inspir'd to sing.

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## GLORIA PATRI.

### *Version 1.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the Father praise,  
 Give glory to the Son,  
 And to the spirit of his grace  
 Be equal honour done.

### *Version 2.*

- 2 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

### *Version 3.*

- 3 **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow  
 Praise him all creatures here below,  
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### *Version 4.*

- 4 **T**O th' eternal Three be giv'n  
 Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n ;  
 Such as was through ages past,  
 Is, and shall for ever last.

*Version 5.*

- 5 **N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n,  
 Thro' all the worlds where God is known,  
 By all the angels near the throne,  
 And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

*Version 6.*

- 6 **I**MMORTAL honours, endless fame,  
 Attend th' almighty Father's name :  
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd  
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd ;  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Comforter, to thee.

*Version 7.*

- 7 **T**O God the Father's throne  
 Perpetual honours raise ;  
 Glory to God the Son ;  
 To God the Spirit praise.

With all our pow'rs,  
 Eternal King,  
 Thy name we sing,  
 While faith adores.



## APPENDIX,

CONTAINING HYMNS FOR THE PRINCIPAL  
FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH.

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## ADVENT.

## I.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him break,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice,  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye, oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And, with the riches of his grace,  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad *Hosannahs*, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.



## II.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come! and by thy love revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,  
On our deepest darkness rise!  
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
Pouring day-light on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:  
Come, and manifest the favour  
God hath for the ransom'd race;  
Come! thou gracious God and Saviour!  
Come! and bring the gospel grace!
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,  
O thou mild pacific Prince!  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins!  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Ev'ry burthen'd soul release;  
By the shining of thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace.

## III.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, O amazing love!  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break!  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

## CHRISTMAS.

## IV.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim  
Christ is born in *Bethlehem*.
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold him come  
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with man t' appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail the sun of righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings ;  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

## V.

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng,  
The angels no such love have known  
As we, to wake their song.
- 2 Good will to sinful men is shewn,  
And peace on earth is giv'n :  
For, lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes  
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,  
'The promis'd child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,  
By highest worlds is paid ;  
Be glory then by us proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.

- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms  
Where Christ exalted reigns ?  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains ?

## VI.

- 1 **C**OME, heav'nly dove, inspire my song  
With thy immortal flame ;  
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,  
The Saviour's glorious name.
- 2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound !  
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 God's only son (stupendous grace !)  
Forsook his throne above,  
And swift, to save our wretched race,  
He flew on wings of love.
- 4 Th' almighty Former of the skies  
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;  
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,  
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 5 O the rich depths of love divine !  
Of bliss a boundless store !  
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine,—  
I cannot wish for more.

## VII.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus !  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee !

Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;  
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,  
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart !

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, and yet a king ;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring ;  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne !
- 

## EPIPHANY.

## VIII.

- 1 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,  
 Hail the long expected star !  
 Jacob's star that gilds the night,  
 Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
 Piercing through the shades of death ;  
 Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night ;  
 Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near,  
 Haste to see your God appear,  
 Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
 Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the dayspring rise,  
 Pouring light upon your eyes ;  
 See it chase the shades away,  
 Shining to the perfect day !

- 5 Sing, ye morning stars, again,  
 God descends on earth to reign !  
 Deigns for man his life t' employ,  
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

## IX.

- 7 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
 Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet ?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small ;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## X.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, rent for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee !  
 Let the water and the blood  
 From thy riven side which flow'd,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.



- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked come to thee for dress ;  
Helpless look to thee for grace ;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, rent for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !
- 

## EASTER.

## XI.

- 1 **T**HIS day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud Hosannahs sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,  
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a sun, which broke this day,  
Refulgent from the tomb !
- 3 Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn ;  
Which scatters blessings from its beams,  
On nations yet unborn.
- 4 The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain  
To bind our Lord in death ;  
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.

- 5 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies,  
While, broke beneath his pow'rful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 6 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And Lord of all below,  
Through him 'is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.

## XII.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of Glory dies for men !  
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead revives again !  
The rising God forsakes the tomb !  
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise :)  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great deliv'rer reigns :  
Sing how he spoil'd the host of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains :

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?  
 "And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?"

## XIII.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
 To set in blood no more :  
 The light, which scatters all your fears,  
 Your rising God adore !
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,  
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;  
 He breaks again the bands of death,  
 Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,  
 Alone the wine-press trod ;  
 He groans, he dies, behold the *man* !  
 He lives, behold the God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Forbid the Saviour's rise ;  
 He breaks the gates of death and hell,  
 And opens paradise.

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 ASCENSION.

## XIV.

- 1 **H**AILE the day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !  
 Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native heav'n.

- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,  
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates,  
 "Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
 "Take the King of Glory in."
- 3 See the heav'n its Lord receives !  
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;  
 Though returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls mankind his own :
- 4 Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;  
 Next himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.
- 5 Master, Lord, to thee we cry,  
 On thy throne exalted high ;  
 See thy faithful servants, see,  
 Ever looking up to thee !
- 6 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
 Far above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.

## XV.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is King !  
 Your Lord and King adore ;  
 Mortals give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore :  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns ;  
 The God of truth and love :  
 When he had purg'd our stains,  
 He took his seat above :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Saviour giv'n :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus, the judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

## XVI.

- 1 **B**RIGHTNESS of thy Father's glory !  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie !  
Fly my tongue such guilty silence ;  
Sing the Lord who came to die.

*Hallelujah, Amen.*

- 2 Did archangels sing thy coming ?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

*Hallelujah, Amen.*

- 3 From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe ;  
All to ransom guilty captives,  
Flow my praise, for ever flow.

*Hallelujah, Amen.*

- 4 Go, return immortal Saviour,  
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;  
 Thence return, and reign for ever,  
 Be the kingdom all thine own.  
*Hallelujah, Amen.*

## XVII.

- 1 **H**OW glorious the Lamb  
 Is seen on his throne !  
 His labours are o'er,  
 His conquests are won :  
 A kingdom is giv'n  
 Into the Lamb's hand,  
 In earth and in heav'n  
 For ever to stand.

- 2 Ye sinners below  
 Then trust to the Lord ;  
 Look up to his arm,  
 His honour, his word ;  
 Athirst for his favour,  
 His Godhead adore ;  
 Look up to your Saviour,  
 And joy evermore.

## XVIII.

- 1 **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
 Hail, thou Galilean King !  
 Who didst suffer to release us,  
 Who didst free salvation bring !  
 Hail, thou glorious God and Saviour !  
 Who hast borne our sin and shame ;  
 By whose merit we find favour ;  
 Life is granted through thy name !



- 2 Jesus hail, enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide !  
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side :  
There for sinners thou art pleading,  
" Spare them yet another year,"  
Thou for saints art interceding,  
Till in glory they appear.
- 3 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,  
Christ is worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give !  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help to sing our Jesu's merits,  
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise !
- 

## WHITSUNDAY.

*Extracted from the Ordination Service.*

## XIX.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire ;  
Thou the anointing spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint our heart, and cheer our face,  
With the abundance of thy grace :  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee of both, to be but One ;  
 That through the ages all along,  
 This theme may form our endless song :  
 Praise God, from whom, &c.

## XX.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, whose fire celestial,  
 Light and life divine imparts ;  
 Come, and dwell in breasts terrestrial ;  
 Heav'n reveal in earthly hearts.  
 Come, and pour in blest effusion,  
 Heav'nly unction from above :  
 Scatt'ring wide, in rich diffusion,  
 " Comfort, light, and fire of love."  
 2 Keep thy church in holy union,  
 Foes remove,—give peace at home ;  
 Source of peace, and sweet communion,  
 Where thou dwell'st no ill can come.  
 Teach us humbly to adore thee,  
 While on earth we pass our days ;  
 Thence transport our souls to glory,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## XXI.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.  
 2 See, how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys !  
 Our souls how heavily they go  
 To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise :  
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate ?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

## XXII.

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Let thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
 And new create the whole.

Dwell thou within our hearts,  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

## XXIII.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Father, and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joys above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God !  
Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore ;  
To whom be endless honours done,  
Till time itself shall be no more.

## XXIV.

- 1 **W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above ;  
He sent his own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe :

And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God to Thee,  
Be endless honours done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One :  
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

## SACRAMENTAL.

## XXV.

**H**OW condescending, and how kind,  
Was God's eternal Son !  
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,  
And pity brought him down.

This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great ;  
Well he remembers *Calvary*,  
Nor let his saints forget.

- 4 Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesu's dying love,  
Hard is the heart that never feels  
One soft affection move.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record :  
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## XXVI.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy goodness know.
- 2 Hail sacred feast ! which Jesus makes ;  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests !  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,  
In thronging numbers let them come,  
And gather from their father's board  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading glory rest,  
'Till through the world thy truth has run,  
'Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light, or feel the sun.



## XXVII.

NOT all the blood of beasts  
On *Jewish* altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay its hand,  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove :  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

## XXVIII.

JESUS invites his saints,  
To meet around his board :  
Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

Here we survey that love,  
Which spoke in ev'ry breath ;  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.

- 3 Here let our pow'rs unite  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.
- 4 And while we share the gifts  
His gracious hands bestow,  
Our hearts by Jesus' love inspir'd,  
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Let love inflame each breast,  
And dictate ev'ry thought ;  
Be angry passions far remov'd,  
And selfish views forgot.

## XXIX.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ *Worthy the Lamb that died,*” they cry,  
“ *To be exalted thus :*”  
“ *Worthy the Lamb,*” our lips reply,  
“ *For he was slain for us.*”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne ;  
And to adore the Lamb.

## XXX.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend :  
Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Gazing here I'd spend my breath ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death :  
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on thine !  
Till I taste thy whole salvation,  
Where, unveil'd, thy glories shine !

## XXXI.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his throne,  
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Almighty pow'r belongs ;  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## XXXII.

1 VISIT, Lord, thy habitation,  
Breathe thy peace on all therein ;  
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,  
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin.  
On this feast of love descending,  
On the tokens of thy grace,  
Big with comforts never ending,  
Let thy promise now take place.

2 Now thy love-infusing spirit  
Shed on ev'ry heart abroad ;  
Raise, through thy imputed merit,  
Slaves of sin, to Sons of God.  
Conscious of thy sacred presence,  
Let them feel a holy fear ;  
Cry with blissful acquiescence,  
“ God, the pard'ning God, is here !”

3 Prince of Peace, while thou art near us,  
Fix in all our hearts thy home ;  
In this sweet communion cheer us ;  
Quickly let thy kingdom come :

Answer all our expectation,  
Give our raptur'd souls to prove  
Strong, abiding consolation ;  
Heav'nly, everlasting love.

## XXXIII.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb :  
O, that our feeble lips could move  
In strains immortal as his name,  
And melting as his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?  
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,  
And pours his life out on the ground,  
To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 Here we would wash our deepest stains,  
And heal our wounds with heav'nly blood :  
Bless'd fountain ! springing from the veins  
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.
- 4 In vain our mortal voices strive  
To speak compassion so divine :  
Had we a thousand lives to live,  
A thousand lives should all be thine..

## XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there would I, defil'd as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 Ere since by faith I saw the stream,  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love hath been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 

## BENEDICTION.

**M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

*FINIS.*



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